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## NOTES FROM KING THEODORE'S COUNTRY.

### Gondar.



URIUS indeed was King Theodore when he took possession of the Reverend Mr. Stern's journal. When he discovered, in addition to the epithets of 'Abyssinian wild beast,' 'Ethiopian Beelzebub,' &c., which had been bestowed upon him, that the reverend gentleman had traced his origin from the humble Koussowoman, his mother, he exclaimed in an outburst of fury, 'Who told him of this? Doubtless some one in Gondar! Down with Gondar!—'tis a city of priests, and loves me not!'

And forthwith Gondar was delivered up to the plundering propensities of his rapacious soldiery. The Moslem beit, or Mohammedan quarter, alone was spared, in consideration of an enormous fine, which was paid to avert the wrath of the royal tyrant. All else was plundered; houses and churches gutted, and in many instances completely destroyed.

Theodore never liked Gondar, from the fact of its being the very seat of the Abyssinian priesthood, his implacable enemies, and consequently it has had to suffer more from his rage than any other town in Habesch, having been given up to plunder and rapine thrice since 1862. Deserted, barren places, blackened ruins, and heaps of débris everywhere meet the eye; and, with the uneven pavement, narrow, winding streets, and herds of lay priests, remind one forcibly of that acme of nastiness—Jerusalem, El Khuds, The Holy.

On approaching Gondar, one is agreeably surprised by the semi-European aspect of the town; much the same as the first sight of Antioch affects the traveller, who, accustomed to the flat roofs of the Syrian dwellings, is quite astonished at the slanting tiled roofs and massive walls,avouring still of the times of the Knights Templar. Gondar is a thoroughly mediæval town, in the midst of the African wilds; for, though it was founded by Fasilidas in the commencement of the seventeenth century, it is chiefly characterised by the 'Gimp,' or castle, a massive structure of basalt, faced with red sandstone, and built in the Portuguese style, with numberless towers, donjon-keeps, casements, and castellated tops. Spacious yards, bold arches, wide gates, and massive towers, mostly overgrown with various parasitical plants, recall the good old times of the

iron ages—the good old times, when might was right, and possession all the law: and the contrast between the miserable straw-thatched cots of the wretched Abyssinians would, I shrewdly suspect, afford a pretty exact parallel to the relation of the Saxon boor's hut to his lord's baronial halls.

Many other remnants of former grandeur make the resemblance to the middle ages still more striking. The church of Gatra Mankit, or Fasilidas, a square stone building (1730), situated in a kind of basin, with a magnificent viaduct winding through the tropical scenery, reminds one of the Campagna; the picturesque ruins of Goskam, and a more modern kind of Abyssinian Sanssouci, in a state of good preservation, with the remains of another palace, a noble hall, with rows of slender columns, delicately sculptured, seem to bear testimony to the former splendour of the ancient Ethiopian empire.

But all that is great and worthy of admiration in Gondar belongs really and truly to the past. The anarchy which has so long prevailed amongst the people is manifested in their works. Everything bears the impress of haste, insecurity, and destruction. The dwellings of the modern Amharas bear the same relation to the works of their forefathers as those of the Fellahs in Egypt to the mighty remnants of Carnak and Luxor. They are mostly built like a tower, two stories high, with a projecting conical roof, beneath which the stairs wind up outside, as in a Swiss chalet. The ground-floor is generally used as a magazine; the second one being reserved for the family. Furniture, as may be imagined, is but scant, usually consisting of a few mats, some rugs, carpets, and three or four niches in the wall, with ox-horns to hang the owner's warlike accoutrements on.

The life of a well-to-do Abyssinian, in time of peace, is not very eventful, and is generally passed in gossip, idleness, and love-making. In the morning, after having enjoyed a good draught of Merssa and some raw meat, he will perhaps

saunter to the 'ahum,' or judge of his district, and see what is going on there. A lawsuit in Habesch is generally a very amusing affair, from the intense love of dispute and argument which is a characteristic feature of the Abyssinians, as well as of the Falashas, or Jews, and the Moslem. A great incentive to dispute, and which is jealously promoted by the judges, is the bet which takes place preceding each lawsuit. The plaintiff lays a wager with the defendant as to the issue, as a proof of his good faith and innocence, and in proportion to the importance of the case, such as a mule, a cow, or a pot of honey. The stake, however, does not become the property of the winner, but of the judge, no matter what the sentence be. It is a remarkable fact, though, that the value of the stake often influences the judge's opinion; but in spite of this, the slightest cause, no matter how improbable the case be, will often give rise to a dispute which keeps the court in a perfect state of fever till the sentence is passed. The odds are freely offered and taken; the value of the stake always forming a subject for serious consideration as to the likelihood of the vendor of justice being influenced by it. It is freely remarked upon by the spectators. Some think it too little, and openly express their opinion, offering the odds against the plaintiff; others, who are perhaps better posted up in the shum's affairs, take them as willingly; so that a court of justice in Habesch is very much like the course on a Derby day.

Even the Greeks, versed as they are, ever since the days of Gorgias, in all the arts of sophistical reasoning, would find themselves as bewildered in the intricacies of Abyssinian argument and logic as the Minotaur in the Dædalian labyrinth. Things of utter improbability are often uttered and maintained with the greatest gravity; assertions obviously contrary to truth and common-sense alike, sustained with as great a persistency as Dr. Colenso's propositions. For instance—

An old Arab, some sixty years of age, feeling somewhat like King

\* There  
King Solomon  
that rebellion  
of Lake Tana  
emerge in the

David in his antiquity, took a young damsel to his heart and home. The old story of sixteen and sixty, with a dashing young gallant of twenty-five between, again ensued, with the usual consequence. Poor Gulnare was locked up in her harem, and guarded by her tyrant with jealous care. One day Abdallah-ibn-Jusuf brought home a fine water-melon wherewith to regale himself and his fair bride, and then returned to his business, whatever it might be. In the mean time Gulnare sat at her lattice-window, her 'jalousie,' and pined for the gallant her soul adored. As she so sat thinking, and pining and longing, a cry of, 'Hhout min bahr! hhout, ya bint!'—'Fish from the lake! fish, O lady!'—struck upon her ears; and, gazing down below, she beheld a fisherboy with a basket of little fish for sale. An idea—a sublime idea—struck the love-sick Gulnare; and calling the fisherman, she let down a basket and bought a dozen of his ware. With the greatest care she then made as many incisions in the melon, and carefully inserted the fish in the hollows, nicely closing up the apertures with the light-green rind. With heightened colour, and in a perfect fever of excitement, Gulnare awaited the arrival of her spouse. At last he came; and greeting him with a feigned admiration worthy of her sex, she set the melon before him.

Taking his knife, Abdallah, the son of Joseph, proceeded to open the fruit, where, to his infinite surprise, he found a fish imbedded in the luscious crimson interior. The second cut discovered another, and so on, each incision bringing forth a fresh one to light.

'Allah akbar! shuf ya Gulnare!'—'God is great! behold, O Gulnare!' cried Abdallah. 'Some afrite has been at work here. What is to be done? Let us send for Hadji Osman, the dervish, to exorcise the fruit. Those fish are the twelve demons of Tanja,\* that were bound

\* There is a popular superstition, that King Solomon hurled twelve of the demons that rebelled against him into the depths of Lake Tanja, whence they can never emerge in their natural forms unless they

by Solomon the King, and if we touch them we shall be ruined, and they set free!'

'Nonsense!' said Gulnare; 'the melon grew near the lake, and the fish have eaten their way into it. Dost thou think, O son of Joseph, that thou alone hast a liking for fish? Quiet thy mind, and thank Allah that he enabled thee to make a double bargain with thy money. Quiet thy mind, O my lord, and I will prepare thee a supper of fish such as thou never hast enjoyed, and behold, thy kef\* shall afterwards be as the first hour in Paradise, midst the seventy hours Allah will give thee!'

Thereupon, like a dutiful spouse, she proceeded to cook the miraculous fish with her own fair hands. After remaining absent some little time, she returned with a perfectly innocent air, saying—

'Sorry am I, O my lord! to have detained you with my toilette; let us now enjoy the fruit your bounty has provided.'

'But where are the fish?'

'Fish?—what fish?'

'Why, the fish we discovered in the melon.'

'Fish in a water-melon! Allah akbar! what does my life mean?'

'Why, did we not find twelve little fish in the melon I brought from the bazaar? Didst thou not say thyself they had eaten their way into it?'

'Allah have mercy upon me! Aman! Aman!' (grace) 'Now, I think my lord is wandering in his mind. Who ever heard of fish living in a water-melon?'

'Scoffing daughter of an improper person!' replied the irate Abdallah, 'cease thy foolish talk, and bring me the fish, or by the beard of the Prophet I will chastise thee for thy impertinence!'

be made use of by some mortal, which they continually endeavour to do by assuming all kinds of transformations.

\* 'Kef' is a word which most decidedly ought to be imported into the English language, in practice as well as theory. Freely translated, it means a state of after-dinner beatitude, the sweet enjoyment of desires fulfilled; the *dolce far niente*.

'Fish in a water-melon! Ha! ha! ha! Pray to the Prophet, old grey-beard, that he preserve thy senses! V'Allah' (by Allah), 'I fear me thou art possessed!'

This was too much for Abdallah to bear, and, seizing his wife by the shoulder, he gave her a sound box on the ear.

'Thou madman!' shrieked Gulnare, 'thou art possessed of a devil! Help! help! murder!'

Gulnare shrieked; Abdallah stormed and raved, till at last, breaking from her enraged husband's grasp, Gulnare rushed into the street, and wended her steps to her mother's house. Here she explained how her husband had suddenly gone mad, and described to them the whole scene that had just passed. Abdallah himself soon appeared, in a towering fury, to fetch his wife back; but on being asked whether he really had believed and said there were fish in the melon, and answering in the affirmative, his wife's relatives thought it high time she should be separated, and all the disputants adjourned to the 'shum's' to hear his decision.

Here Abdallah stated his case, having first, in the full consciousness of his good faith, accepted the wager of a fine steed, which the perfidious Gulnare had offered him, and related all that had passed between him and his wife.

'And dost thou really affirm that thy melon contained these twelve fishes thou speakest about?'

'V'Allah, V'Allah! I am speaking the truth.'

Thereupon followed a long discussion; some arguing for the possibility of the miracle, others denying it *in toto*, asserting that it was an optical delusion,—a kind of mirage in fact, till at length one wise man pronounced his opinion that this was a minor question; because if the man, in the first instance, had suffered from a delusion, he was still labouring under one, and was therefore of unsound mind; if, on the other hand, he really believed in what was an evident impossibility, he was a lunatic all the more. Lastly, supposing, for the sake of argument, there had

been these twelve fish—these transformed afrites—what could have become of them? It was clear there never had been any fish in the melon.

Abdallah hereupon began to vociferate still more loudly than before, and swore, in his senile rage, that he would be avenged on the woman who thus dared to trifle with him.

'Nay, then, Abdallah, son of Joseph, we cannot allow thee to vent thy mad ire on an innocent woman. It is clear thou art possessed. Thy suit is granted, O woman, surnamed Gulnare, and thou art divorced from the husband of a tainted mind. Go in peace, for the law hath spoken!'

And thus it was decreed. Abdallah was circumvented, and Gulnare set free by her own cleverness.

Another time a man appeared before the shum to complain of some injury done to him, betting a horse upon the issue. Unfortunately the shum, who was a good judge of horseflesh, if of nothing else, soon perceived that the intended gift was lame. Judgment was, therefore, naturally in favour of the defendant, and on the plaintiff's upbraiding the judge for the injustice of his decision, the learned man said, 'How can you expect a lame horse to win the race?'

It is difficult to understand, if it were not so easy of explanation, how, with such subtlety of intellect and natural talent as the Abyssinians really possess, they should tolerate such a horde of lazy priests and monks as they do. On a moderate computation the monks and nuns cannot number less than twelve thousand, all praying upon the country and hemming the development of its resources. The whole of the studies requisite for entering the church is much the same as in the Syrian. The language of the church, obsolete as the ancient Syriac, and a little of the ancient Abyssinian, or rather Ethiopian tongue, the Gees, the psalms of David, with the various songs and dances in usage, and a history of the native saints; such constitutes the course of study requisite to qualify the native priest, as soon as he can muster up dollars enough to



buy his ordination from the Abuna. This part of the Abuna's revenues is almost as important as the sale of livings in our own clerical market, the sum to be paid varying also, as it does with us, according to the number of souls to be farmed. The revenue of the priests, beside the extensive actual property of the church, is drawn from the fees paid for baptism, circumcision, confirmation, and, chief of all, for absolution. As to the souls of the departed, they can only be redeemed from that valuable institution, purgatory, by the payment of large sums of money, and entertainments for the priests, regular wakes, or 'taskars,' as they are called, at which so much is consumed in eating and drinking,—their orgies often lasting for days—that the whole property of a family is frequently consumed to rescue one of its departed members from the pre-infernal fires.

The appearance of the priests differs from the rest of the population in the full beard they wear, the large turban and turned-up shoes they stalk about in, with a cross round their necks attached to a blue ribbon, the sign distinguishing the Christians from the Moslem. Some of the monks dress in leather, and all, as well as the nuns, wear small yellow leather caps.

The churches, round, gloomy-looking structures, with conical roofs, are on a par with the clergy. In the middle there is always a square box, representing the ark, and the walls are covered with wretched daubs of Scriptural incidents, and illustrating the lives of the saints and martyrs. The devil and his angels, as well as all the persecutors of the Christians, are only drawn in profile; the saints and pious men full face, with a round plate at the back of their heads, meant for a halo; and if that should not be enough to distinguish them from the arch-fiend and his unholy corps (whom they certainly very strongly resemble), the names are added on the margin.

Some of the churches possess small libraries, in which there are often some very richly illustrated manuscripts. It is a pity Professor

Tischendorf has not gone to Abyssinia. He might discover some more manuscripts rivalling the Sinaitic in importance. But I fancy Mr. Holmes, of the British Museum, who accompanies the expedition, will not cause us to regret the professor's absence. The Abyssinian Bible, besides the Apocrypha, also contains a book of Enoch, and an additional book of Moses, which, however, is little else than a *résumé* of the Pentateuch. It is written in the Geez tongue, and the priests, who can scarcely read it, declare it to be heresy to translate it. The greatest weapon of the clergy is the excommunication of their enemies. There is the great ban and the lesser one. The first can only be pronounced by the Abuna, and the unfortunate victim is perfectly outlawed. Any one can kill him, and no burial is allowed him. But the almighty dollar can buy the Abuna over, so the rich need not fear, and why should the poor encumber the earth?

So much for the clergy, and Gondar, the city of priests. They lead a fine life of it, and naturally look with extreme jealousy on any attempt to encroach upon their power. Saturday is celebrated the same as Sunday; and besides the chief festivals, such as Christmas Day, January 10th, New Year's Day, September 10th, four months before Christmas, the finding of the cross by Helena at Jerusalem, the baptism of Christ, and Easter, there are innumerable holidays. One day is consecrated to Abou, the god of thunder, and one to Pontius Pilate, who was canonized because he washed his hands of any participation in the Crucifixion.

On a moderate calculation at least two hundred days in the year are set apart for worship and holiday-making, so that if Theodore had permitted the establishment of foreign missions in his country the year would not have been long enough for the holidays to be observed. I am bound to say I do not think him far wrong in refusing to allow any missionaries to bewilder the poor Abyssinian brain any more than it already is. There would

soon be the same state of affairs as in Jerusalem at the Holy Sepulchre. When I was there some years back a little incident occurred which will show how very undesirable it would be to establish anything that might lead to an occurrence of the same kind in Habesch. Prince Murat with his wife and daughter had arrived in Jaffa, and Izzet Pascha, Governor of Jerusalem, determining to create as favourable an impression as possible, ordered the chief streets to be paved, and the houses therein freshly painted. It was done; the princess arrived, leaving her husband in Jaffa, the holy places having no particular attraction for him, and was received with great fantasie and rejoicing. Now, the court yard facing the sepulchre is entered by two massive, low, and narrow gates, and when the princess proceeded to visit the holy places, being of blood royal, and not accustomed to stoop, she struck her head against the stone coping, and—fainted. Great consternation, hurrying to and fro, and grand displeasure of the Pasha at this unfortunate contretemps. It spoilt his 'kef' for the day. Next morning he sent to the different patriarchs saying, that as he had done so much for Jerusalem, they ought also to do their part; and herewith they were ordered to erect new and spacious gates, as would preclude the possibility of any similar accident in future. This was casting the apple of dissension amongst the holy men with a vengeance. The dispute waxed high, not, as one would imagine, as to who should contribute the least towards the expense, but the *most*. A similar dispute about repairing the roof of the sepulchre led to the Crimean war. For, those who contribute the *most*, would have the *most* right to that particular part to be erected, and if the Greeks paid more than the Latins towards the gate they would also claim a greater right to it. So the patriarchs, Greek, Latin, Armenian, Russian, Coptic, and Abyssinian, quarrelled and disputed for days. But the Greek is a cunning mortal, and whilst the war was raging they had the requisite number of stones

hewn, and in the dead of one fine night ran up a splendid new gate. When the Latins and *hoc genus omne* came next morning, and observed how busy the devil had been amongst their colleagues, their indignation exceeded all bounds. The holy precincts re-echoed with the accusations they hurled against the deceitful Greeks, who, in their turn, were not sparing in their recriminations, till, when the dispute had reached its height, and words were of no more avail, brickbats became the order of the day. The holy men began to gird up their loins, the 'popes' gathered up their flowing locks, and the war commenced. But fortunately for the preachers of peace and good-will, the Turkish guard soon came up to the rescue, and the 'zabties' quickly put a stop to the battle. The belligerents then adjourned to the Pasha's, and acquainted him with the dire state of things his order had produced. Izzet Pascha quietly listened to their complaints, and when they had ended, sent for a mason.

'Go, O mason, and pull down the gate the Roum† have erected this night.'

The Latins and Armenians winked at each other, and the Greeks gnashed their teeth, but the Pasha was immovable and postponed his decision.

Next day they were again summoned before the Pasha, for, be it well borne in mind, the vast amount of blood and treasure spent during the Crusades was all in vain, and the Crescent still holds the Cross in its power. On their arrival the Pasha asked the mason if he had obeyed his orders. On being answered in the affirmative, he continued—

'And what would be thy charge for erecting a gate, stone for stone exactly similar to the one thou hast destroyed?'

'Exactly the same, O my master, would cost thy slave no less than six thousand piastres.'

'Then depart, and build up the gate again which thou hast taken down. And take heed that thou

\* Police.

† Greeks.

waste not the stones that the Rourm have hewn for thee. Use them again, and peace be with thee. But now, O ye patriarchs of the Nozrani, pay to your humble servant the Pasha each of you your share, which, to avoid any dispute as to the ownership of the gate, shall be six thousand piastres apiece. And, furthermore, learn a lesson from one of the faithful, whose religion is union; for I also, as guardian of the Church of Nebi Esah (Christ), also contribute my share of six thousand piastres; which, with the rest, shall be devoted to the poor, who have faith in the midst of their poverty. Allaha ismalardik! I recommend you to God.'

Such being the case in the holy city itself, one can easily pardon King Theodore's slowness in perceiving the advantage a horde of missionaries would bring to his country.

So, vale Gondar, city of priests, Rome and Jerusalem greet thee!

#### MAGDALA.

It has been remarked by the 'Army and Navy Gazette' how very extraordinary it is that the captives immured in Magdala have not given any information concerning the place from which they hope to be liberated by force of arms. The Rev. Mr. Stern being a German and a missionary, it would naturally be too much to expect anything of a military character from his pen; but that Lieutenant Prideaux and Captain Cameron should not have thought it worth their while to give any information respecting the position and approaches of their prison, does seem rather inexplicable. That they are afraid of their letters falling into the enemy's hands would be the best explanation to be suggested. But when the reverend gentleman tells us of the incredible barbarities practised by the king; of his immolating his troops by the hundred; driving his heavy artillery over their writhing bodies, pale with the ghastly pallor of an agonizing death—the whole scene lit up by the lurid flames of countless incendiary

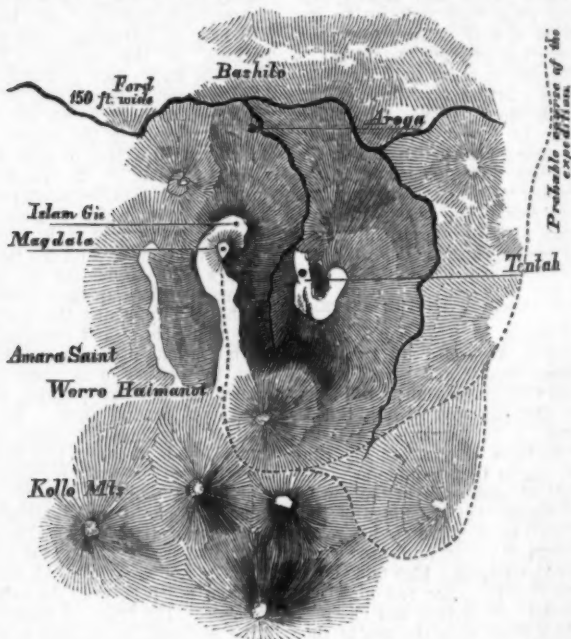
fires—it does strike one as somewhat remarkable that, where such things pass, worthy information is so very sparingly remitted. The fact is, that if all were true respecting the numbers of his subjects that the king has executed, there would scarcely be 5,000 left of his whole army, which, including all its followers, generally numbers some 150,000 souls. But perhaps Theodore is quite aware of the contents of these extraordinary epistles, and, rightly concluding that the words of a clergyman will be implicitly believed by his *soi-disant* countrymen, no doubt chuckles at the queer ideas they will form of the Abyssinian monster and his armies.

However, fortunately for the 'British tax-payer,' and still more fortunately for those he will have to maintain, and in spite of the 'Times' dictum that 'we know very little about Abyssinia,' the fact is we know a very great deal about it—more, indeed, than of any other African country. And we will take, for instance, Magdala, where, as is reported, all the prisoners have been placed by Theodore.

Magdala is situated on a high narrow plateau on the south side of the river Beshlo, or Bashilo, which forms the boundary between the Gallas territory and Abyssinia, the entrance to the valley on the east being guarded by the strong precipitous fortresses of Amba Gahit and Amba Geshen. On the west it is divided from the plateaus of Worro Haimanot and Amara Saint by a rugged and precipitous ridge, and on the east by an exceedingly deep and narrow defile from the village of Tentah. On the south the enormous majestic mountain mass known as the Kollo rises high up into the blue sky, its glittering glaciers flashing in the bright sunlight with all the sublime beauty of Alpine scenery. It will be through the defiles and passes of this mountain that the advance on Magdala will take place, for though the approach is very nearly as difficult as from the north or east, still the most difficult portions are not so immediately commanded as in

the other quarters. The height of the fortress above the valley of the Bashilo is about 3,500 feet, and it is protected by the perpendicular rocks and chasms that surround it on all sides, especially on the east and west, where the natural and artificial bastions fall some hundreds of feet into the chasms below. On approaching it from the north a difficult and tedious ascent leads to the plateau of Islam-Gie, the Mo-

hammedan quarter, whence a further ascent of 270 feet leads to the fortress proper, which covers an area of over two miles square. On the north and south it is approached by deep and narrow fissures in the rock, forming natural gates, which in addition are strongly fortified and provided with portcullises. Water exists in abundance; there is an extensive corn magazine, always well stored; and



PLAN OF MAGDALA.

a very good arsenal. It is protected by some sixteen to twenty cannon—6 and 12-pounders—and can be held by a handful of men for an indefinite time, for it would be impossible to bring any heavy artillery to bear upon it, and light pieces would produce no more effect than popguns. The place can only be taken by stratagem or storm; so it is evident, from the mere nature of the place, not reckoning upon any other

impediments that may be thrown in the way, that the troops have no light task before them; and the assertion of Mr. Stern that half a dozen Englishmen with revolvers in their hands could deliver them from their cowardly guards is as unfounded as it is palpably ridiculous. For if half a dozen could free them from the outside, surely the captives—some twenty-two—could devise means to escape from

the inside. And supposing six men did liberate the twenty-two, how long would they escape from durance and enjoy their sweet liberty? It is no good disguising the fact, and believing government assertions published for political reasons, contrary to all common sense; for the expedition cannot possibly do anything this season to liberate the captives. English people do not know what it is to transport commissariat stores and artillery by mules when they sink up to the fetlocks in mud, or have to swim a rushing torrent every two hours.

Magdala is about as difficult to take as a fortress would be perched up on Mont Blanc somewhere about 'Le Grand Rocher,' taking 'Le Grand Plateau' as a base for the attack. King Theodore knows this very well, and will doubtless amply provide the place with provisions, whilst he himself will harass our forces in the open field.

#### KING THEODORE ON THE MARCH.

A review in Hyde Park and a march in Abyssinia are two very different things; and I very much doubt whether our soldiers will have any advantage over King Theodore's. It is the favourite boast of the Swiss that no enemy can ever conquer their mountains. He might take possession of the towns and villages; but the kings of the Alps will never submit to his yoke. Abyssinia is like an immense Switzerland piled up on a high table-land some 7,000 to 10,000 feet high, intersected with ravines and chasms, some of which, as in the case of the Beshilo and Djiddah valleys, are 3,000 to 4,000 feet in depth. Under such circumstances, the march of the Abyssinian army can be just as easily conducted as, if not more so, than our own; for, in addition to the knowledge of the country, all its intricacies and ins and outs, which Theodore so well knows, the Amharas are accustomed from infancy to mountaineering, and, encamping themselves among the rocks, can fire upon their enemies from isolated positions where it would be impossible to follow them.

Thus, even supposing that the Abyssinians had no idea of discipline or the principles of strategy to be adopted during a march, they would be found a very formidable enemy indeed. But, as it happens, they *do* know how to march, and, what is more, can march, not as well as British troops at a review, but quite as well as they can in Abyssinia. The march of a large body in such a country must of necessity be of a straggling, disorderly nature, and therefore our troops will have no advantage over their enemies in this respect. King Theodore knows how to march and how to camp. On arriving at the camping ground, his own red warrant is pitched in the centre, the door in the direction of next day's march. Beside it the queen's is situated, whenever she accompanies her liege lord, which is generally the case, and in front of the two the tent of the church, with the tabot\* and ark. The Abuna and the camp commander take up their quarters in the vicinity, whilst the tents of the other officers and commanders of the various divisions and wings form the centres of as many more circles, the soldiers pitching their own tents around them. In the case of a permanent camp each soldier builds himself a hut, which, according to the army regulations, must not exceed 4 feet high by 4 feet square—rather a small allowance for a grenadier. But, although individually so confined, the camp itself is not crowded, and plenty of room is left between the various divisions. The object of these huts being so small is to gain a clear view of the whole camp, and to have the men of each corps close together. The huts themselves are formed of branches, thickly covered and carpeted with grass. Such is the arrangement of the camp, which, with its numberless followers, women and children, muleteers and their animals, has more the appearance of an immense gipsy camp than anything else.

The king's tent is always surrounded by the royal body-guard,

\* Ten Commandments on a slab of wood.

and from dawn of day by crowds of petitioners and officers either waiting for orders or demanding justice from the king, who, seated on his divan, listens to their complaints and publishes his decisions or dispenses favours and rewards. The business of the camp is first disposed of. Any breaches of discipline are severely punished, and thieves or spies very summarily executed after conviction. There is no time given for shift. For instance, one man had had a ring stolen, which he discovered some time afterwards on the forefinger of one of his comrades. The culprit swore it was his own ring, saying he had worn it for years, and pointing to the fact that it fitted so tightly as to preclude any possibility of taking it off. However, it was proved beyond doubt that it had belonged to the plaintiff. 'Off with his finger!' cried Theodore; 'he can't get the ring off, and it does not belong to him. What else is to be done? Off with it!' And without any more ado the sentence was carried out. It is only by such merciless severity that Theodore has been able to obtain the ascendancy he has over his subjects, which must be very great to prevent his great enemy the Wagshum from doing anything else with his 30,000 men but 'watch' him.

On the march King Theodore rides at the head of his troops, which, generally numbering some 150,000 head, naturally form a very long column, often extending a couple of miles in length and a mile in breadth. The herds of cattle and the cavalry, which have usually to march single file, take up the most space. The order of march is as follows. First the king, with his *likamanquas*\* and body-guard, then a troop of cavalry for reconnoitering, followed by the bulk of the infantry, the rear being brought up by the train and rest of the cavalry. The train is a most picturesque sight. The most characteristic feature in it is the clerical party, which always accompanies the king like the high priests of the Israelites. The native

\* The four governors who dress just like the king.

head of the clergy, the *Tchege*, with an enormous turban, and dressed in his long white robe, or which was white once upon a time, leads the van, surrounded by pious monks and holy men dressed in leather, and their heads covered with little yellow caps. Then follows a monk ringing a bell and preceding a number of priests carrying divers gaudily-gilt and painted thrones, on which the tables of the laws repose. Very often there is quite a collection of these tables inscribed with the Ten Commandments, 'tabots,' as they are called, which are quite new, and have been brought into the camp to receive the Abuna's blessing. In addition to these gentlemen there are always a certain number of 'deberas,' who with charms and amulets for protection against the evil chances of war, do make a very good business of it too. But the funniest sight of all is the cock of the church, a fat capon, kept to awaken the holy men to their devotions, and putting one in mind of

'This is the cock that crew in the morn,  
To waken the priest all shaven and shorn.'

only the Abyssinian priests don't shave, nor comb, nor wash. The number of women accompanying the army is very large, each of the officers taking his wife with him to the wars, and most of the men their sweethearts. Nor are 'vivandières' wanting to complete the picture. The women of Tigré are celebrated for their arts in cooking, and always form one of the chief constituents of the army, and, brandishing their long wooden spoons, the insignia of their office, are quite as attractive and ornamental as they are useful. Each of the dusky beauties carries a *gilgileh*, a kind of straw basket to carry provisions in, on her back, together with the little wooden head-rest which serves as a pillow to keep the innumerable plaits of her hair from becoming entangled during her slumbers. They never fail to take this instrument with them, as well as a gourd filled with grease to anoint their locks with—*vanitas vanitatum*, a half-maid, copper-coloured Abyssinian or E-



gréan has as much regard for her personal charms as a belle of the county at one of her triumphs.

It is well known that the lion is the emblem of Abyssinia, and King Theodore is exceedingly proud of his seal bearing a lion counter passant, with the inscription, 'The Lion of the Race of Judah has triumphed.' But still more remarkably indicating his predilection for the noble animal he regards as an emblem of his own courage, is the fact of his having had four lions tamed, which follow the army everywhere, being left to roam the camp in perfect freedom, which they do without attempting to molest any one.

A young Irishman once brought the king a present of a worked rug representing Jules Gerard, the lion-hunter, with a fez on his head, in the act of firing at a lion. The poor fellow, who thought Theodore would be enchanted with his present, was no little terrified at the fury he evinced.

'Look here!' cried his majesty; 'look at the impudence of this dog. He dares to hint that such will be

my fate. That the lion of Ethiopia will be conquered by the Turks! Away with him; put him in irons!'

Such is King Theodore on the march; and notwithstanding all his difficulties and the impediments natural and otherwise, he always manages to move along at the rate of six or eight hours a day, a distance of about twelve or sixteen miles.

But very often he will leave the camp with perhaps three or four thousand men and suddenly disappear. No one knows where he has gone to. Supposing the campaign be directed against the Gallas and their allies, after an absence of ten or twelve days, shorter or longer, he will return, having circumvented them and attacked them in the rear whilst they fancied him in front. It is the rapidity of these marches and the sudden unexpectedness of his attack that makes him so formidable an enemy, and which, combined with his wonderful knowledge of the country and its most important strategic points, will make him no insignificant foe even for Sir Robert Napier and his legions.

H. A. BURETTE.



## MUSCULAR SOCIETY.

*Muscle in Paris.*

THERE are, I believe, some people in the world who imagine that in the more indifferent matters of life they possess the faculty of free action. It is not an uncommon thing to hear these talk, for instance, as if they could eat two meals a day instead of the three, four, or five which, according to the season, are the fashion in England. They will calmly assume, and expect one to admit, that they can marry or live single, or perhaps even taking up a less extended position, that they can accept or refuse a given wife, according to their whim. Or, again, they will build a whole superstructure of arguments upon the proposition that they can at least choose among the various amusements which are to be found in the world those which are most pleasing to or most fit for them. The proposition itself they always take for granted, and a great many of those who listen to them accept it as being quite unassailable; yet nothing can be more fallacious, or more calculated to mislead the ingenuous youth who may happen to be casting about for the limits of the extremely small circle in which he can exercise his free will. Among the pastimes of life, for instance, it would be hopeless for any sportsman, except an emperor, to expect to get partridge-shooting in Italy; indeed, it has been, as I happen to know, proved to be hopeless in many places in the most expensive and conclusive manner. It would be equally absurd for an Englishman to try to play pallone as for an Italian to set his heart upon the outside, edges backwards, and spread eagles on the inside, which delight the denizens of more frosty lands; nor would the Frenchman fare better, but rather worse, who essayed to master the life-long difficulties of cricket, football, or racquets. It is therefore nonsense to pretend that Italians can shoot partridges, that Englishmen can play pallone, or Frenchmen cricket, if they like to do so, for the answer is simply that they

can't; from which my readers will perceive that I have utterly demolished the fallacy-mongers I set up for that purpose, and who, it must be conceded, are by no means lay figures dressed up by pure fancy. And this brings me up to my reflection, which is, that there are certain natural divisions of amusements among the various countries of the globe which are as inviolable as the divisions founded on the sacred principle of nationality itself, with the additional feature of being considerably better defined and comprehensible. In things muscular this is especially seen; indeed, it is worthy of consideration whether, when the diplomatists of Europe next get into a muddle, they might not be got out of it by being made to refer any boundary questions which may arise to the natural muscular boundaries which have evolved themselves out of the experience of ages. At any rate it is certain that each real centre of nationality has its special muscular history, traditions, and practice; and while it would be hopeless to attempt to import those of one centre into another, it is useful that general comity of muscles should know what is going on around it, if it were only in order to help on a little that era of universal benevolence and good understanding which is to result from a free interchange of ideas. London is undoubtedly, taking all things into consideration, the muscular capital of the world; and as long as the springs of life are as vigorous as at present in the race of special-constable-producing England, it will continue to hold that position. Next to it, however, comes Paris, which indeed is, in some respects, considerably ahead of London, and capable of teaching it some valuable lessons. As with all other things they touch, the Parisians have sought to invest muscle with a certain grace and glory which we in England are too apt to condemn, probably for the reason that we do not know how to produce the

same effect ourselves, but which, as life goes, are by no means to be despised. It is true that in some instances the Parisians carry a little too far that æsthetical devotion which, seventy years ago, made them crown even the revolutionary guillotine with flowers on New Year's Day. The boating men of the Seine, for instance, the bold canotiers of Asnières, can scarcely be said to add to their appearance, and certainly do not add to their boating power, by wearing varnished jack-boots, Masaniello knickerbockers, and pink silk shirts; nor is a sportsman more likely to shoot well because he is buttoned up to the eyes in a suit of tight green velvet, and wears a curiously-chiselled sword. But this by the way, for it certainly is an advantage that what is done in the world should be done as artistically as circumstances permit; and the French are entitled to the merit of having practically recognized this truth, even if in some cases they have overworked it.

In Paris there are much fewer fields for muscular activity than in London, and especially there is an absence of all those pastimes which make what may be called a full demand upon pluck or strength. It would never enter into the mind of a Parisian to try the extreme point to which his courage will carry him. He would never think of rowing till he fainted, or of running till he could not see out of his eyes; and when he is told of Englishmen doing such things continually, he looks upon it as affording another specimen of insular insanity. The Parisian will devote himself to anything, from lotto and dominoes upwards, which will drive away that *ennui* which is the only conscience he recognizes; but he will not devote himself to it thoroughly, for that he would regard as only being an *ennui* of another sort. Thus there are no such things as amateur racquets, tennis, foot-races, athletic meetings, or, in fact, any sort of competitions demanding both skill and endurance; and the whole muscular society of Paris may be summed up under the two heads of

fencing and gymnastics, in both which, indeed, the Parisian schools stand confessedly pre-eminent. There are, it is true, the canne (or singlestick), the lutte, and the savate, but these are either practised exclusively by a few professionals, or, if they have a place in muscular society at all, it is as gymnastic exercises only, and not for their own sake.

As the straight sword is the queen of weapons, so the art of using it is the queen of exercises. Fencing has been of late much neglected in England, but there are a discriminating few to whom its delights are not unknown. As a means of self-defence, it is of course not needed in a country where duelling and murder are treated as synonymous terms; but even as a pastime its advantages are enormously greater than those of any other that can be named. In the first place, as an art it is infinite; a lifetime is too short a period to learn all its intricacies, and a second lifetime would be too short to practise them with all its graces. Then it may be enjoyed by men of any size, strength, or endurance; may be pursued in any place, and requires no other machinery for its practice than a pair of foils, a mask, and a glove. If only a little more interest were taken in it in England, it would be a most valuable resource on a rainy day in many of the slow country houses which are known to and endured by us all, and would reconcile many a frost-bound foxhunter, and many a rain-oppressed sportsman to that life which, as it is, is left dependent upon billiards and round games. There are, as has already been remarked, a few English disciples of the sword, and if they were to establish a propaganda, carry their foils about with them as they do their guns, and proclaim as high and lofty a contempt for a man who cannot take *deux fois le contre* indoors as for him who cannot take a brace of partridges right and left in the field, we might soon see fencing placed in its proper position as a pastime. In France this desirable result is already attained, and the consequence is that life is possible

even in the remotest provinces of the empire. Paris is naturally the centre of the art, and is indeed the head of a school of fencing which is the first in the world, and with which neither the German nor the Italian schools are worthy so much as to be mentioned. Let us enter one of the many temples devoted to the art, of which there are some twenty or thirty in the capital, presided over by men whose reputation is European. M. Pons, in the Rue St. Honoré, will be known and honoured when and where M. Rouher is utterly forgotten; Prevôt and Gâte-chair have already won immortal laurels; Robert, aîné, and Mimiague are coming on at a rate which will carry them further on the wings of fame than Marshal Niel or the Duc de Persigny himself. Mimiague gives an assault of arms in the Rue Lepelletier, and there the whole mystery may be seen in perfection.

On arriving at the door we are able to see what an interest is taken in the affair, for there is a crowd of gentlemen streaming in and a row of *huil-reports* waiting for them outside. For five francs we get a front seat, and entering find ourselves in a small amphitheatre, on the floor of which is laid a parallelogram of boards on which the combatants are to take their stand. The seats are full of amateurs who are smoking, talking, and illustrating new *dégagements* or complicated *ripostes* with their umbrellas. But here come a pair of fencers, Robert, aîné, and Narnel. They are dressed in white duck, with buckskin jackets and shoes and broad belts. Each holds in his hand a pair of foils and a mask, and, advancing to the centre of the circle, they face each other amid a buzz of applause. Before the actual assault begins there is the *salut à la mur* to go through, which is at once a tribute of politeness to the spectators or *galerie*, and an opportunity for judging of the ability of the fencers. This is the manner of it. The two fencers place themselves opposite to each other at lunging distance, and generally coquet a little as to who shall begin. 'A vous, monsieur!' 'Mais t. monsieur je vous en prie!' till at

last one resigns himself and lunges, while the adversary receives the stroke on his breast without parrying. Then the first fencer rises back upon his left leg, and standing upright with his arm at the height of the shoulder, lowers his weapon's point successively in a salute first to the *galerie* on the left and right of him, and then to his opponent. He then falls again on guard and makes five or six simple disengagements at his adversary, who receives them with the opposition parries; and from the manner in which this portion of the salut is performed an opinion is derived as to the ability of the fencers. For this reason a good fencer, confident of the merits of his position, will, when he makes the lunge, remain extended and immovable perhaps for a minute, that the gallery may appreciate the uprightness of his body, the carriage of his head, and the rigid straightness of his left leg. The second fencer having in his turn saluted and lunged, both make two *appels* or stamps, rise backwards together, again salute the spectators and each other, fall again on guard, rise once more, on the right leg this time, and with a last salute to each other, finish the preliminary formalities, for which, if they have been well done, they are rewarded with applause. Then assuming their masks they begin the assault itself. Narnel is a tall man with magnificent limbs and full of eagerness with it all. Indeed he is rather too eager, and as the two stand watching each other like cats, advancing a step, then springing back and changing their engagement with a quick, flashing movement, the knowing amateurs whisper to each other, 'C'est un enragé que ce Narnel—mais voyez donc Robert, quelle belle position.' For a minute or two this goes on, and then Narnel thinks he sees an opening, and like lightning he makes a *battement*, disengages and lunges out to his full length. But Robert is calm and confident. Quick as is the lunge his parry is quicker; but before he can riposte Narnel, with a *remise de main*, strikes at him from his extended position. 'Houp là! Touche—non—au bras'

Then comes a wild rally, provoked by Narnel, much to the disgust of the gallery, who have been brought up upon better principles. Nothing comes of it, and finally the offending fencer turns round and walks back to his place. On guard again, and this time Robert, feinting once or twice, discovers that Narnel's favorite and almost invariable parry is the *contre*. He therefore takes *deux fois le contre* beautifully, and presses home his point on his adversary's breast so neatly as once more to call forth the enthusiasm of the gallery. Then Narnel loses his temper and again begins to rush in on Robert, until he is brought to a sense of propriety by the murmurs which arise, and calms down into decency. But he is dispirited by the first incidents of the assault, and never regains his confidence; so that when with a *coupé dégaqué* Robert makes the last hit, he is held to have gained an easy victory over his antagonist. Other couples now succeed, and the *séance* ends by a grand assault between Robert and Mimaigne, which arouses the greatest enthusiasm in their respective partisans, and the universal criticism upon it is that '*C'est un bien bel assaut*.' Then the whole thing is over, the spectators all retire, and as they arrive in the street they form into little knots discussing the merits of each fencer and each coup with an eagerness and volubility only to be found in Frenchmen, but also with an interest which might well be partaken by Englishmen. There does exist in England, as I have already remarked, a small body of fencers, and in London they have even formed a club which is well known to muscular society, and which, on a London winter's afternoon, is the most delightful resort that can be imagined. But the fencing faith must be spread still further. The difficulty at present is that a fencer may wander through the country without finding an adversary who knows *carte* from tierce in any corner of it, and as it takes two to fence, the second man ought to be worried, encouraged, and goaded into action somehow. If he knew the pleasure he loses he would

not want any persuasion to take up the foil, and it is to be hoped that time will do for us in this what it does in other and less important matters.

In gymnastics the Parisians are quite as much in advance of the English as in fencing, among whom gymnastics, as a science, is simply unknown. The British mind understands lifting heavy weights and pulling up on horizontal bars, jumping over heights, and generally whatever makes British muscle to tire, but beyond this it has never yet gone. The Parisian school of gymnasts, on the contrary, devotes itself to a more intelligent treatment of the subject, and seeks less to tire its disciples than to produce certain desirable effects in them, whether by tiring or otherwise. The mere difference of aspect between English and French gymnasia illustrates this forcibly. The former are considered complete if they contain a vaulting horse, parallel and horizontal bars, a few clubs, some ropes, and a set of dumb-bells; but the latter are vast temples filled with a thousand gymnastic appliances of which English masters have no idea. Probably the best specimen of a gymnasium in the world is the Grand Gymnase in the Rue des Martyrs, which, for our consolation be it said, was founded by an English gentleman who was and is an adept in all muscular things and systems. This splendid temple of health is of vast proportions, the large hall being probably as large and nearly as high as Drury Lane Theatre. There are, of course, vaulting horses, clubs, bars, and dumb-bells, but in addition to these there are ranged round the walls instruments and machines which to the English mind present a fearful and unknown appearance. There is, for instance, the *longue-barre*, which is simply an exaggerated dumb-bell formed of a rod of iron loaded at each end. It is one of the best, if not the best, articles of furniture a gymnasium can possess, and when used over the head in combination with a walk gives an infinite variety of exercises which cannot be obtained in any other

way whatever. Then there is the gymnastic machine, a handsome-looking cabinet with a heap of ropes, handles, and plates, with which no less than five hundred different exercises, of any degree of severity, may be practised. These machines are only to be obtained in Paris, and even there are only to be got of one maker; but one of them is enough of itself to furnish a gymnasium, and it is therefore worth while to take any trouble to obtain one. Then there are various sets of flying trapezes splendidly hung, and the floor beneath which is composed of sawdust, an enormous advantage, since it enables the gymnast to practise the most difficult feats without that risk of breaking his neck which he runs in an English gymnasium with a boarded floor. Every class and condition of men and women can use this charming establishment; indeed its principal use is for the fair sex and invalids, many of whom have miracles to recount of its effects. Here may be seen men whom Parisian dissipation has brought to death's door, who have dragged their weary length into the gymnasium by their doctor's order as a last hope, and who at the end of four or five months have become strong and hearty again.

The great merit of the Parisian school is that the exercises are conducted on a system, and that without any great fatigue they work every muscle in the body, the exact reverse of the English plan, by which a few muscles are worked to exhaustion. The men's class at the Grand Gymnase is in the morning at seven or eight o'clock, or in the afternoon at four or five. The spectacle at those hours is worth seeing. The gymnasts appear in blue tights and buff boots, and place themselves each in his position upon spots marked on the floor round the hall. In the centre stands the director, who with beat of drum and words of command conducts the exercises simultaneously for the whole body. Beginning with dumb-bells, clubs, and *longue-barres*, the course ends in some thirty minutes with a run round the hall, and by

that time every man of the class, without having gone through any great fatigue, has worked the whole of his muscular system. Then comes another peculiar and delightful feature of the Parisian system. The gymnast, while still perspiring freely, goes straight into a cold shower or *douche-bath*, and on coming out of it is rubbed, slapped, and pinched by a practised operator for five or ten minutes, at the end of which time he feels a sense of freedom and lightness such as can only be understood by those who have themselves gone through the operation. This is, in fact, a revival of the old Roman plan, and is justly considered one of the most essential parts of the system; yet it is absolutely condemned by most English professors of gymnastics as 'dangerous,' likely to give a 'chill,' and so on. If any proof were wanted that is not injurious, it would be found in a consideration of the particular class of maladies to which it affords the greatest benefit. Stomachic derangements, affections of the liver, bronchitis, asthma, catarrhic hypochondriasis, rheumatism, gout, and atrophy, are now treated by Parisian doctors almost exclusively by gymnastics and the bath; and it is to be hoped that Englishmen will not be imposed upon by the prejudices of their gymnastic masters, but will try the thing for themselves, under proper medical advice. The bath and friction will yet be an indispensable accompaniment to every gymnasium.

The *Savate*, as it is known, is the French form of boxing, and consists in the use of the feet as well as the hands. The usual practice of it is to attack with a half-hearted blow from the fist, then suddenly to turn round and aim a kick backwards at the adversary; but it is a feeble and useless art, and the most talented practitioner would stand but little chance against an English boxer of average attainments. The *Lutte* is a more respectable means of self-defence, but as it is as well known and nearly as much practised in England as in France, it scarcely calls for mention among the spe-







Drawn by John Gilbert.]

A LIFE AND A MEMORY.

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## A LIFE AND A MEMORY.

THE AUTHOR OF 'OFF THE LINE'

## PART II

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Engraved by John C. Carter

# A LIFE AND A MEMORY

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cialités of Parisian muscle, while the Caure is nothing more nor less than our singlestick, and is not so well understood. On the whole, however, English gymnasts, and more especially English fencers, may learn a great deal in Paris; and what

with commercial treaties and free trade, it is devoutly to be wished that they would impart some muscular ideas and machinery from which at least as much benefit would be derived as from Lyons silks and Médoc wines.

BLANC-BEC.

## A LIFE AND A MEMORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OFF THE LINE.'

### PART II.

THE next day found him established at Luscombe. Mrs. Sims showed him into his room, which was at the end of the broad passage, on the same side as Mr. Erle's. It was a much more sunny and cheerful room than the one in which Julian Erle was lying, and Francis Newstead wondered he did not take possession of it. The window looked on a good-sized garden, over woodland, field, and common, with the sea lying still and blue in the distance. In all his wanderings in the most magnificent tropical countries, Francis Newstead had always thirsted for a quiet woodland scene like this, and he stood still, drinking it in silently, as if he could not see it enough. He had dined early at Hastings, so as to give less trouble to his friend's destitute *ménage*. The tea was brought into Julian Erle's room. Fresh yellow butter, rich cream, home-baked bread—all the greatest luxuries to a man after a long sea-voyage, and years spent in a climate where the fare is so different.

There was much talk between the two friends that evening—much to hear of foreign lands, much to tell of political changes and events at home; but both by a sort of instinct avoided speaking of their school life, and Bridge End was never mentioned.

Francis Newstead had quite won Mrs. Sims's heart, and she took considerable trouble the next morning to prepare a good breakfast for him.

It was laid in the wainscoted parlour he had seen the day before, but she reserved the completion of an omelette—a dish upon which she especially prided herself—till she should hear him come downstairs.

After some time, she went up to Mr. Erle's room to ask if she should tell his guest that breakfast was waiting, but he advised her not to disturb him, as he was probably enjoying the luxury of a comfortable bed.

'You need not be uneasy about him, Mrs. Sims,' he said, smiling at her evident disappointment; 'he is sure to wake when he is hungry, and then he will enjoy all your good things doubly.'

But morning passed into noon, and that seemed waning into afternoon, without anything being heard of his visitor; then Mr. Erle expressed surprise at his friend's tardiness, and sent Mrs. Sims to see if he were still asleep.

'Perhaps he has gone out without breakfast,' he added; 'people who have been abroad all their lives keep such different hours.'

'I thought of that, sir; but his hat and stick are in the hall just where he left them yesterday. No, I don't think he is gone out.'

She went to the bedroom, and knocked repeatedly without receiving any reply. At last she opened the door; but the window-curtains were closed, and till her eyes became accustomed to the dim light she could see nothing.

She walked to the foot of the bed, and gently drew aside the curtain, so as not to disturb the sleeping man. The cry of horror that escaped her rang through the house. It not only startled Mr. Erle in his bedroom, but brought the girl upstairs breathless from the kitchen. She rushed into the room, to find Mrs. Sims looking as if turned into stone, gazing with a face of white terror upon the corpse of the unhappy man, lying partly across the bed, which was saturated with blood, with the fearful gash across his throat that not only told of sudden death, but the far more fearful tale of murder! Terrified and appalled, she turned away, and was flying downstairs, when she heard Mr. Erle calling her, and his bell ring violently and repeatedly. Glad to give vent to her alarm, she rushed into his room, breathless and panting.

'What's the matter?' he said, angrily; 'what is all this noise and screaming that I hear? Where's Mrs. Sims?'

'She's there, sir, with him,' sobbed the girl, 'and he's all along the bed, and it's all blood!' and she added, coming close up to Julian, and lowering her voice as if the very sound of it frightened her, 'I think he's dead.'

'Dead! who is dead? you are mad, I think,' he shouted. 'Send Mrs. Sims, you idiot!' and he sank back on his pillow just as Mrs. Sims, who had heard his voice, entered the room.

'Oh, sir! Oh, Mr. Erle, how can I tell you? Sarah, run for my husband and the doctor. Oh! but it's no good now, is it?' she said, looking round her in a wild, helpless way; 'and I never can be left alone.'

Sarah, however, glad to escape from the dreadful scene, as well as to be the bearer of such startling intelligence, was gone before she could stop her.

'You are as great a fool as that girl,' exclaimed her master, in a frenzy of passion. 'What is all this confounded row about, and where is Newstead?'

'That's it—it's him—he's dead—

cold—murdered in his bed,' and Mrs. Sims's nerves gave way, and she sank upon a chair in an agony of passionate and hysterical weeping.

'I don't believe it—it's impossible,' said Julian Erle, in a low voice, apparently subdued by the sudden shock. 'Do you mean that Mr. Newstead has committed suicide?'

'Oh! perhaps he did, poor gentleman; perhaps he killed himself. To think that such a thing should happen while I am here, and the missus away, and all! I've sent for the doctor; he'll know how it was.'

'There was no use in sending for a doctor,' said Julian Erle, impatiently; 'he was odd always—odd—had bad spirits, woman, I tell you. Had he a pistol?'

'No, sir; I saw nothing, though I looked round,' she said, shuddering; 'and his throat cut from ear to ear. He never could do it himself.'

'He must have done it, I tell you. Here, give me my dressing-gown. I feel too ill to get up to-day. When Dr. Cartwright comes I'll see him.'

'Lord a mercy, sir! it's a blessing you can't get up to see what I've seen this day. I'd sooner never move any more than see such a sight again.'

There was no lack of visitors that day at Luscombe Hill. Horror and curiosity soon collected all the villagers into the kitchen, till, worn out and weary of the uproar, Julian Erle sent for the clergyman, begging him to restore order, and superintend all necessary arrangements both for the funeral and the inquest.

'Has not the unfortunate man any friends or relations?' said Mr. Ellis; 'and should not they be communicated with?'

'He may have, but I know nothing of them. The greatest part of his life has been spent in India. He landed a few days ago at Hastings, and came here quite by chance, and I asked him to stay.'

'Did it strike you that there was anything odd or unusual in his manner?'

'I can scarcely tell. He was



quite a boy when I saw him last. I thought him a little excitable, perhaps; nothing more.'

Mr. Ellis undertook to do all that was needful. Julian Erle said that he wished to defray every expense.

The room was locked up till the inquest, the next day, and half the village volunteered to keep the two poor panic-stricken women company; and no one in the house but Julian Erle passed that night in bed.

Very little light was thrown upon the matter the next day; but there was a growing feeling of certainty, confirmed by the surgeon who was sent for from Hastings, that the case was one of murder and not suicide. Yet it seemed impossible, for who could have committed the crime? The only inmates of the house were a helpless cripple, and a young girl who could have had no motive, or, indeed, physical strength for such an act.

Mrs. Sims was closely questioned as to the character of the girl, Sarah Allen, and also as to her manner when she first saw her in the morning.

Mrs. Sims said she believed the girl to be as good and honest a girl as ever lived—might be a bit careless, perhaps, but then all girls were.

'Had she any "followers?" was it likely that she could have admitted any one into the house?

'None that she knew of. Her friends lived at some distance; and moreover Sarah was such a coward, she did not believe she would get up in the night for anybody. Why should any one have killed the poor gentleman? His things were just as he left them—watch and purse on the table.'

The coroner inquired if the girl had said anything about Mr. Newstead to her.

'Not a word. She only said she'd taken up his water and boots, but had not gone into the room, as it seemed a pity to disturb him.'

This evidently produced an unfavourable impression towards the girl, who had been previously examined, but now was recalled. She looked strong and healthy, and

appeared about eighteen, with fair complexion and a countenance of no particular expression.

She came in looking frightened, and changed colour when the coroner said to her sharply—

'Why did you tell Mrs. Sims that it would be a pity to disturb Mr. Newstead?'

'I don't know sir. It seemed a pity, as he slept so sound,' she said, looking round her in a helpless, bewildered way.

'And pray how do you know that he did sleep sound?' he said, looking at her sternly.

'Because he said nothing when I knocked, sir; no other how.'

It had evidently never crossed the girl's mind that any suspicion could rest upon her. But Mrs. Sims perceived at once the course affairs were taking, and as she had no doubt of the girl's perfect innocence, the manner of the coroner shot through her with a sense of sudden physical pain. She inquired if she was needed any longer, and on being dismissed, went to Mr. Erle's room. She felt that at that moment she could not see Sarah Allen.

'I don't know what the gentlemen down there may be thinking of,' she said, 'but they've had Sarah up again, and questioned her very close. It's certain she'd no more hand in it than the babe unborn; so I do hope they won't get such a notion into their heads; it would be the ruin of the girl, and the death of her mother.'

'Nonsense,' replied Mr. Erle, 'you are always fancying something. There is only one thing likely, and that is that he killed himself.'

'Oh! but both doctors say it's impossible, sir,' said Mrs. Sims, gloomily. 'They had another come from Hastings to-day. Oh! why has such trouble come upon this house!'

A few minutes after, Mr. Ellis entered the room.

'I thought you would be anxious to hear the result of the inquest,' he said. 'I am sorry to tell you that there is no doubt that the unhappy man was murdered, and though the evidence against your servant is but slight, the coroner

thinks it his duty to issue a warrant for her apprehension, in order that she should be tried at the assizes next month. I must say it seems to be a most improbable thing that she should be guilty; still, there are circumstances—

'What circumstances?' asked Mr. Erle, quickly. 'What possible evidence can there be that would criminate this girl?'

'Only slight evidence, as I said, at present; her anxiety that he should not be disturbed in the morning, and one of your large dinner knives being found upon the bed, which I understand are in her charge. Mr. Newstead having dined at Hastings, could not have used the knife. Besides, she was the only person in the house, as far as we can discover, at the time.'

'It's a preposterous idea,' exclaimed Mr. Erle, indignantly. 'As to his not being called early, I advised the same thing, and Mrs. Sims also, I believe. I suppose they will take bail?'

'I don't know—I should hardly think so. But I dare say we can accommodate you with a servant till Mrs. Erle returns, and then I hope she will be acquitted at the assizes.'

'I will bear any expense. She must have the best legal advice—or, give me a pen and ink; I will write myself this very day.'

'There is no such immediate hurry,' said Mr. Ellis, soothingly; 'something may yet be discovered. You must not allow this sad event to prey upon you. I hope you have sent for Mrs. Erle? The funeral is to take place to-morrow.'

'She had better keep away from this cursed place,' he said, vehemently; 'but remember, there must be no expense spared—none.'

After the funeral, a more settled gloom fell upon the deserted-looking house at Luscombe Hill. Mrs. Erle was recalled by the sudden and dangerous illness of her husband, and Sarah Allen was imprisoned in Lewes gaol.

'Lewis!—Maria!—do listen to this,' exclaimed Rachel Westmacott, as she took up the newspaper which

was lying on the table. 'How very dreadful!'

'Fancy Rachel turning politician at last,' said Horace, laughing.

'This has nothing to do with politics,' said Rachel, quietly laying the newspaper down and turning away.

There was a look in her face that made Lewis go up to her, saying, 'What is it? Is it this?—"Dreadful mysterious occurrence?"'

'Do tell us what is the matter, as Rachel seems mysterious too,' said Maria, who was copying music at the other end of the room.

He obeyed and read the following paragraph aloud—

**'DREADFUL AND MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE—**A murder, almost unexampled in its atrocity, was committed in this neighbourhood on Friday night. The scene of the tragedy is Luscombe Hill, the property of Julian Erle, Esq. The cause of the murder, and its perpetrator, is at present enveloped in the deepest mystery, though some suspicion is attached to the housemaid, a girl of eighteen, who has been taken into custody. It appears that a friend of Mr. Erle's, who had spent many years in India, landed last week at Hastings, and walked over on Thursday to Luscombe Hill. Mr. Erle, who was suffering from severe indisposition, begged him to come and stay with him a few days. The next day he did so. On Saturday, surprised to see nothing of his guest, he sent to see if he were ill, when a woman from the village, who was acting as housekeeper, entered the room. She found the unfortunate man weltering in his blood, and with his throat cut from ear to ear. There is no appearance of any robbery having been committed, or of any one having entered the house; the only inmates at the time were Mr. Erle, who is confined to his bed and crippled from rheumatic gout, and the servant, Sarah Allen, who will be tried at the assizes next month. The unhappy gentleman's name was Newstead.'

'Newstead?' repeated Lewis; 'why that's the man—'

'Yes,' said Rachel, in an unnaturally quiet voice; 'and if we hadn't brought him it would not have happened.'

'It's useless to think of secondary causes,' returned her brother. 'It's really very dreadful. He was not the sick man?'

'No; the bright, happy-looking man, with the beautiful smile,' she replied. 'It's a very strange thing. There seems to have been no possible reason for it; and as to a girl of eighteen committing such a crime, it's simply absurd.'

'But you see they talk of circumstances,' said Lewis.

'So they may; but she never did it,' said Rachel. 'Where is she to be tried?'

'At the assizes, you see, next month.'

'Then I shall go and hear the trial,' said Rachel, decidedly.

'I think not,' said Lewis; 'I don't believe we shall be here. Don't be a goose; it is absurd to worry yourself about this, for it's certain you are not in the remotest way concerned in it.'

'I wonder if the other man is dead too,' said Rachel, dreamily. She was very silent all that day.

The murder at Luscombe Hill was the universal topic of conversation. Every one was full of it, especially Dr. Cartwright, who came to see Sir Henry a day or two after the inquest. He was an elderly man, very clever and intelligent, and a great favourite with Rachel. She lingered in the room while he was talking, deeply interested in every detail. She felt in some way mixed up with it, and could not shake off a feeling of self-reproach for having brought the unhappy man to Hastings. She did not always give way to this, for her strong common sense often stood her in good stead; but at night, or if she was not well, her quick feelings and sensitive nature would somewhat overpower her better judgment. It was evident that the sad tragedy had taken a vivid hold of her imagination, and she took a lively interest in the fate of the girl, whom she believed to have been unjustly accused.

'You cannot believe that girl

guilty, can you, Dr. Cartwright?' she asked, eagerly.

'It is difficult to do so, and so impossible to conceive her motive; and yet one never knows. Sometimes a temporary insanity seems to take possession of people, which prompts them to such acts.'

'Perhaps she is a sleep-walker,' suggested Rachel.

'I should not imagine so, or it would have been known. She looks like a perfectly commonplace, healthy girl. The only real evidence against her is the knife found upon the bed, which certainly was in her charge.'

'Who else was in the house?'

'No one. The woman who acts as housekeeper is married, and goes home at night, and Mr. Erle is a complete cripple and almost bedridden.'

'Perhaps that woman's husband—'

'William Sims! Impossible. He is sexton and parish clerk, and the most harmless of mortals.'

'I do wish the real murderer could be found,' said Rachel, eagerly; 'I know that girl will be convicted, and she certainly is innocent.'

'Have you any further revelations on the subject?' said Dr. Cartwright, amused at her vehemence.

'You are laughing at me, I see, Dr. Cartwright,' said Rachel, colouring, 'but I care a great deal about this. The poor man would have been safe in London but for me. We landed him, and a sick friend of his, here the other day. They had come from Calcutta, and the sick man could not bear the delay of going up the river, so Lewis and I brought them to Hastings. When I saw the account in the newspaper I knew it was the same. Then for that poor girl to be hung, if she is innocent, is such a fearful thing!'

'I am not laughing at you, indeed, my dear young lady,' said Dr. Cartwright, earnestly. 'It's the most perplexing case I ever came across. I have pondered over it till, against my better judgment, I began to think the man must have committed suicide.'

'Perhaps he did,' said Rachel, eagerly; 'are you sure he did not?'

'Quite sure. It was impossible.'  
'Some one might have got into the house. Is this girl sure that she heard no noise?'

'I suppose not, as she did not say so.'

'But if she is the sort of stupid girl you seem to describe, she would not volunteer anything, I should think. I wonder no one asked her.'

'Mrs. Sims said she was a dreadful coward, and that nothing would make her get up in the night.'

'But that proves nothing,' persisted Rachel. 'Can't you ask her? Are you likely to see her again?'

'Not at all likely, but sure to see the chaplain of the gaol at Lewes. I will talk to him about her.'

'This event seems to have made a great impression on your niece, Sir Henry,' said the doctor, as Rachel left the room.

'Yes, she is an excitable child, and then her having landed the poor man seems to mix her up with it. I hope the mystery will be cleared up soon.'

'I trust so, for I feel with Miss Rachel that the servant had nothing to do with it, yet there seems no one else to suspect.'

Days and weeks passed, and the assizes were coming on, but nothing more had been discovered. Mr. Erle was slowly recovering from his sudden illness, and the first sign he showed of convalescence was in the anxiety he displayed as to the counsel employed to defend Sarah Allen. None of Mr. Newstead's friends having come forward, it was concluded that he had no relations in England, and the sad story was carefully concealed from Colonel Clargis by his sister, his state being still too precarious to bear any sudden shock. Under these circumstances the whole onus of the trial seemed to devolve upon Julian Erle, who though still ill and weak was restlessly eager and excited, sparing neither trouble nor money to procure for his servant the best possible legal assistance.

He still professed himself incredulous as to the case being one of murder, suicide seemed so much more probable, and he doubted the possibility of the contrary being

positively ascertained. He sent Mrs. Sims over to Lewes with encouraging messages to the poor girl, assuring her that as soon as her trial came on she must necessarily be acquitted.

The twenty-fifth of April arrived at last, and great excitement was shown by all the neighbourhood, and eagerness to be present at the trial. The assizes were held at Lewes, and Dr. Cartwright, at Rachel's earnest request, had some time previously engaged rooms for her and her brother at the inn. He had secured seats for them also, near the judge, and Rachel, who had never been present at a trial, was rather impressed by the silence and solemnity which pervaded the court, though the crowd was immense. The appearance of the judge, the lawyers in their black robes, and the order and decorum with which everything was done, gave her a sense of reality that startled her, and her heart beat fast when she remembered that on the decision of these men a fellow-creature's life was trembling in the balance. A few minor cases were disposed of, and then 'the prisoner, Sarah Allen,' was called, 'charged with the wilful murder of Francis Newstead.'

As she was placed in the dock, she looked round at the crowd of faces that surrounded her with a helpless, appealing expression on her face that touched every heart.

She was asked whether she pleaded 'guilty,' or 'not guilty' to the charge.

Her 'not guilty' was uttered in so low a voice as to be only audible to those near her, and a momentary expression of surprise passed over her face, as if it were a strange question.

The jury were sworn, and the counsel for the prosecution stated the facts of the case, dwelling much upon the probability of the prisoner's guilt from the fact that there was no one in the house but herself and Mr. Erle at the time, and Mr. Erle, as the jury well knew, was crippled, helpless, and bed-ridden.

This speech failed in convincing many of the girl's guilt, though it made Rachel feel very hopeless.

Mrs. Sims was the first witness. She testified to the arrival of Mr. Newstead, to visit her master, of his coming the next day to sleep, of his non-appearance in the morning, and of her finding him dead in his bed with his throat cut.

The Crown lawyer declined to ask any question at that time, and Mr. Erle was now carried into the court. He looked more ill and ghastly than ever, as he was laid upon a kind of sofa, which had been brought in expressly for him. He appeared absorbed in thought, and scarcely lifted his eyes from some paper which he was reading.

Mr. Wade stated that he was a surgeon at Luscombe, and had been summoned to see the dead body of a gentleman at the house of Mr. Erle, and gave medical evidence to prove that the wounds in the throat must have produced instant death.

The large dinner knife found upon the bed was now produced, and laid on the table.

Mrs. Sims was recalled, and asked if she could identify the knife.

'Yes; it was one of Mr. Erle's large dinner knives.'

'Were they in your charge?'

'No; I was not a regular servant there.'

'Who had the care of them?'

'The housemaid, Sarah Allen, while the cook was away; but—'

'Only answer the questions put to you, my good woman, if you please,' said the Crown lawyer, sharply.

'Was this knife commonly used at dinner?'

Mrs. Sims supposed it was, 'along with the rest.'

'Had Mr. Newstead used it at dinner, the previous day?'

'He had had no dinner there, only drank tea in Mr. Erle's bedroom.'

'Had she noticed anything peculiar in Mr. Newstead's manner?'

'No. She thought him a most pleasant, civil gentleman.'

Mrs. Sims was dismissed, and Mr. Erle's sofa was moved forward.

His testimony coincided exactly with that of Mrs. Sims, with the additional statement that from his previous knowledge of Mr. New-

stead, he at once concluded the case to be one of suicide.

Dr. Cartwright was appealed to, as to the possibility of this being the case.

He stated that he had not seen the body as soon as Mr. Wade; in fact, not till the next day, but in his opinion it was not possible.

The prisoner's counsel here came forward, and said he wished to bring some witnesses to the good character of the prisoner, but he would first ask for Mr. Erle's testimony.

Mr. Erle spoke warmly in her favour, and said that Mrs. Erle had received a very good character with her, and that it had been fully borne out by the girl's conduct.

Some witnesses from the village in which Sarah Allen lived were brought forward, and all spoke of her in high terms.

When Dr. Cartwright left the witness box, he came and sat by Rachel, who had been listening with pale and breathless anxiety for his reply, as soon as Mr. Erle had suggested the probability of suicide.

'I am thankful you are come,' she said; 'but oh! Dr. Cartwright, why could you not say that *perhaps* the poor man killed himself?'

'Because he didn't, and he couldn't,' said the old man, emphatically, 'nor do I believe that poor girl had any hand in it.'

During Rachel's conversation with Dr. Cartwright, Mr. Erle had been examined, but nothing further was elicited, and the tide of feeling seemed turning against Sarah Allen, when a slip of paper was passed to her lawyer, who read it attentively. Mrs. Sims was then recalled, and asked if she had not something further to say about the knife, when the Crown lawyer had stopped her.

'Yes; she was going to say that Sarah had forgotten to bring the knife down that day, and that she had spoken to her about it.'

'Where was the knife taken to?'

'Upstairs, with Mr. Erle's dinner. He dined early.'

'Do you remember the knife particularly?'

'No; it was one of the large dinner knives generally used. She had entirely forgotten to state this

at the inquest. In fact, she had been so terrified that she had not remembered it for many days after.'

This created a considerable sensation in the court.

'I believe we shall find the clue to the mystery at last,' said the counsel, in a tone of satisfaction.

'Now, Mr. Erle,' he said, abruptly, 'will you tell me what time in the night of the nineteenth of March you went to Mr. Newstead's bedroom?'

Julian Erle started visibly, and his pale face grew more livid in its paleness, as he replied that he was unable to leave his bed.

'That you did leave it there is sufficient evidence to show, Mr. Erle. It is for your own interest to state the time. You probably recognise this pencil-case?'

But Mr. Erle could recognise nothing, having fainted away. He was carried out, and the counsel continued—

'I believe, my lord,' he said, addressing the judge, 'that the solution of this mystery will be found in a very different quarter to what we expected. This pencil-case with Mr. Erle's crest and cypher was found on the morning of the 20th of March, at Mr. Newstead's bedroom door. It was picked up by the prisoner, laid aside, and in the distress and confusion of the day entirely forgotten. She accidentally mentioned it to me, and I at once desired Mrs. Sims to let me see the room where she said it had been left. It was on the mantelpiece in the breakfast-room, and I not only found it, but found it stained with blood.'

He then proceeded to state that though the prisoner did not appear to attach any importance to the discovery, he had kept it carefully in his own possession, and purposely not produced it till that moment. He believed that, when coupled with a strange noise the prisoner had heard in the night, which she had described as a sort of scuffling, as of some one crawling along the floor, and which he had at first supposed, as she did, might have been the dog, but which proceeded from a very different source, the deten-

tion of the knife upstairs, and the finding of the pencil-case at Mr. Newstead's door, it would, as he had before said, direct suspicion to a very different quarter. He would wait for Mr. Erle's reappearance to confirm the truth of his words.

Mr. Erle's reappearance was, however, in a few minutes pronounced to be impossible; but Dr. Cartwright, who made this statement, produced a paper which he believed contained a complete justification of the prisoner, and a confession of his own guilt. It had been drawn up previously, with a full determination to use it if Sarah Allen should be convicted of the murder.

The paper began by stating, that from the moment that Francis Newstead blighted his early life by causing his expulsion from Bridge End, he had taken a solemn vow that if they ever met again his life should pay the forfeit. Though so many years had elapsed, and his keen sense of the injury done him was blunted, still, having once made the vow, he considered it was registered in Heaven and that he was bound to keep it; and when Francis Newstead appeared so unexpectedly at his house, he believed him to have been sent by Providence solely for that purpose. It was a kind of revelation to him that he must keep his vow; and though he deeply regretted the necessity, he believed that it would be a crime not to fulfil it. He had great difficulty in doing so, from his helpless state, but had contrived to crawl upon his hands and knees from his own room to that of his guest, holding the knife which he had secreted closely between his teeth. His greatest obstacle was in opening the door, but when once that was done he easily managed to drag himself up by the bedpost. Francis Newstead was always a sound sleeper, and he was able to approach him to commit the dreadful act—or, as he expressed it, 'to fulfil his vow'—without waking him. He regretted the necessity that had been laid upon him, but as it had to be done, it was a relief when it was over. He had never contemplated that the case would



not be considered one of suicide, and was greatly distressed when he found that suspicion had fallen upon Sarah Allen, and prepared this statement at once, fully determined to use it if at her trial she was not acquitted.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment and breathless attention with which this was heard by all present. To those who had been on terms of intimacy with the murderer it came as such a sudden shock, that the poor girl's innocence was little regarded, except by Rachel Westmacott. With her it had its full effect, and she felt as if some impending calamity to herself had been averted, and the horror which was felt by most of those present was scarcely shared by her in her genuine sympathy for Sarah Allen. She had felt so sure of the girl's innocence, that now it was proved she could not help crying quietly in the fulness of her joy and relief. At present she had neither horror nor compassion to bestow upon Julian Erle.

Dr. Cartwright had shown various signs of agitation during the trial, and was now called away to give his assistance to Mr. Erle, who had been carried to the inn in strong convulsions. He found him lying in a state of complete insensibility. Under these circumstances his reappearance was impossible, and Dr. Cartwright was required to give a medical certificate to that effect. He did so, and the jury immediately gave a full and complete acquittal to the prisoner, and brought in a verdict of 'wilful murder' against Julian Erle.

It was late in the afternoon before Rachel and Lewis found themselves again sitting quietly in the dingy parlour of the inn at Lewes. They were anxiously expecting Dr. Cartwright to join them, but he did not come to dinner; and the evening passed, and the excitement of the day seemed to have subsided into unusual stagnation, when at eleven o'clock he appeared, looking so worn and harassed that Rachel felt sure something dreadful must have happened.

'Something is the matter, Dr. Cartwright,' said Rachel, quickly, 'won't you tell us what it is?'

'Indeed I think it the greatest possible mercy,' he said, as he seated himself with a weary look; 'but it has been a terrible sight to witness that poor man's sufferings and his wife's agony—Julian Erle is dead.'

'Dead!' exclaimed Rachel and Lewis, in different tones of astonishment and horror.

'Yes. And I can only be thankful that he is spared what was before him. If he had recovered, it would probably have been to a state of imbecility. His brain was doubtless affected by the repetition of those attacks. The statement he drew up was not the production of a sane mind: he was at that very time a monomaniac, labouring under the delusion that he was obliged to commit the murder for which, if his insanity could not have been proved, he must have suffered the penalty of the law. Thank God he is saved from that, and his wife and children from such a fearful memory! In either case one can only be relieved by this termination to such an awful tragedy.'

'Perhaps—certainly if he had lived to repent,' said Rachel, shuddering.

'If he had lived it would have made no difference. His mind was in too diseased a state for him to take a just view of his crime. It is a most curious case of monomania, for he was an excellent husband and father—a man of bad temper, but with strong affections. These things are very strange and inexplicable. But I am keeping you up, Miss Rachel, and after such a day as this you ought to be in bed and asleep.'

'Do send her to bed, Dr. Cartwright,' said Lewis; 'she will be knocked up to-morrow, and nothing would induce her to go till you came in; and we promised Uncle Henry to be at home early.'

'Good-night, my dear young lady,' said the old man, kindly. 'I shall see you in the morning.—I want to introduce you to a friend of mine.'

Rachel awoke the next morning with a sense of relief that she was leaving a place so associated in her mind with all that was terrible.

She was sitting by the window after breakfast, waiting for her brother, when she saw Dr. Cartwright with two women, an old one and a young one, coming up the street.

'May we come in?' he said, looking up at the window as he passed.

Rachel nodded assent, and in another moment she heard his foot on the stairs, and went forward to meet him.

'Who are your friends, Dr. Cartwright?' she said in a low voice. 'I know no one here.'

'Yes, I think you do,—one of them at least.'

Rachel looked up in surprise as the two women came in, and immediately recognised in the younger the face that she had seen in the dock yesterday, and watched with such intense interest.

'I am very glad to see you—very glad to see you here,' she said, warmly, and taking Sarah Allen's hand.

'Thank you, miss,' said the poor girl; but her lip quivered as she spoke, and she seemed nervous and trembling, and tears stood in her eyes.

'We have come to thank you, miss,' said the old woman; 'but Sarah's still too dazed to be able to say anything.'

'To thank me!' said Rachel, with unfeigned astonishment. 'I have never done anything for her. I only wish I were able.'

'That's just it, young lady—you felt for us. I saw your face in that terrible place yesterday, and the doctor with you, and then he said you was a friend of his. The heart that's ready to feel is quite as precious to those in trouble as the hand that's ready to give. No doubt but you have both.'

Rachel was silent from emotion;

indeed she was too much surprised to be able to speak. The girl suddenly seized her hand and kissed it, and in another moment they were gone.

'Oh! they are grateful people,' said Dr. Cartwright, rubbing his hands. 'I thought you should see them.'

'Grateful for what?' exclaimed Rachel, greatly distressed. 'Oh! Dr. Cartwright, now they are gone, and I could not speak. I had no time even to offer them anything—what must they think of me!'

'You know,' he returned, smiling, 'that "the heart that's ready to feel is as good as the hand that's ready to give," and that you have both.'

Rachel looked at him reproachfully.

'I am quite in earnest, I assure you. I have lived too long not to appreciate such gifts at their full value.'

Lewis's voice was heard from below—'Rachel, the carriage is here—are you ready?'

She did not reply, and he came up.

'Oh! Dr. Cartwright, I did not know you were here. Can we take you back with us!'

'No, thank you—there is a great deal to be arranged here for poor Mrs. Erle, and I have promised to stay and help her.'

Rachel's heart was too full for words. She wrung the old man's hand and turned away. The tremendous realities of Life and Death had been brought so vividly before her in the last twenty-four that she could not shake off the impression. Indeed it was never effaced; for though her life was a strange and chequered one, this adventure of her girlhood and its subsequent tragedy were never forgotten.

H. T.



## THUMBNAIL STUDIES.

*The Thumbnail Sketcher in a Cab.*

IT has often occurred to the Thumbnail Sketcher to inquire how it happens that a man first comes to drive a cab; but as he has consulted no one but himself on the matter, he has not yet met with a satisfactory reply. He presumes that a lad is seldom educated with a view to his being a cab-driver—certainly a neophyte has no apprenticeship to serve—yet the calling demands the exercise of considerable practical talent if it is to be conscientiously followed. A wholly inexperienced man cannot jump on the box of a Hansom and drive an irritable fare at a reasonable pace down Cheapside at three o'clock in the afternoon. Before he can do this with any degree of safety he must have enjoyed a considerable practical experience of his art. A cab-driver, moreover, must

possess some scientific acquaintance with the inner structure of his horse, in order that he may know the exact number of kicks in the stomach that that noble animal can endure without suffering a lasting injury. He must know the precise number of miles that his horse can travel before it sinks exhausted, and he must know, to a grain, the smallest amount of sustenance upon which the animal can accomplish them. He must be a tolerably expert physiognomist, and he must be able to tell at a glance whether a fare is to be bullied or wheedled into an over-payment. When he attempts to overcharge an elderly lady, he must be able to determine at a moment's notice the truth or falsehood of the remark, 'There is a gentleman in the house who will settle with you,' without bringing the question to a practical issue. He must be furnished with original readings of the more obscure sections of the Cab Act, and he must be prepared to defend his views before competent tribunals without the assistance of counsel. He must learn to comport himself with dignity under the trying circumstances of a summons for abuse, extortion, and assault; and he must be always prepared with plausible reasons for evading undesirable fares. He must be able to determine who will submit to extortion and who will resent it; and he must be intimately acquainted with the nearest cut to the obscurest streets; and he must be prepared to look with an eye of suspicion on all fares who require to be set down at the Burlington Arcade, the Albany, Swan and Edgar's, Waterloo House, and all other edifices which a person may enter from one street and leave by another; and he must know exactly how long he is to wait at such addresses before he is justified in coming to the conclusion that his fare has bolted by the other exit. Altogether his profession demands the exercise of various mental accomplishments, and the Thumbnail Sketcher cannot help thinking that a thoroughly expert London cabman deserves a far higher intellectual position than that which his envious fellow-men usually award him. These considerations, which are the usual and only result of the Thumbnail Sketcher's investigations as to the means whereby a man becomes a cabman, tend rather to surround the question with fresh difficulties, and to make the problem more difficult of solution than ever. Under these circumstances he has no alternative but to leave the question where he found it.

The Thumbnail Sketcher would like to have an opportunity of noting the demeanour of a cabman during his first day on a cab, and of contrasting it with his behaviour after six months' experience. The day upon which a man first launches into his adopted calling is always a trying occasion to himself and an interesting one to his friends and acquaintances; but this must be particularly the case with a cabman who has not usually enjoyed that preliminary technical familiarization with the details of his craft with which most beginners are furnished. The barrister who takes his first brief into court has had, or is supposed to have had, the benefit of some years' theoretical experience in the art of conducting a simple case; the surgeon who undertakes an operation for the first time on his own account has probably undertaken a good many on other people's account during his state of pupillage; a young soldier is not placed in a position of responsibility

until he knows something of his work; and a curate has crammed himself with religious platitudes before he attempts his first sermon. So with the followers of humbler callings, who have usually served a seven years' apprenticeship before they are allowed to exercise them on their own account. But a cabman is launched into the London streets with no better Mentor than his own intelligence can afford him, and if this fails him he will probably go headlong to destruction. His cab will be smashed in no time; or he will run over little children and be tried for manslaughter; or he will be summoned for loitering, or for overcharge, or for furious driving; and, moreover, he will allow himself to be swindled in all directions. And all this goes to prove the Thumbnail Sketcher's proposition that an expert London cabman deserves a higher intellectual position than that with which he is usually credited.

This old gentleman is a specimen



of a class who look out principally for old ladies with little children. He is very careful with old ladies—he helps them in and out with much devotion; while to little children he is fatherly—not to say motherly—in his attentions. The fact that his pace never exceeds four miles an

hour is a special recommendation to the class of customers for which he caters. He has two or three regular customers, who know where to find him; and as he is a quiet, civil old gentleman enough in his way, he never gets into much trouble. He gets drunk perhaps twice a year,

but as he always does it at home, his professional reputation does not suffer. His customers belong to a class which most cabmen avoid—old ladies without any luggage; and he customarily declines, as far as he is able, the very fares which younger and more enterprising cabmen are too glad to get. The busy City gentleman who is in a hurry to catch a train, the lawyer dashing down to

Westminster, the 'swell' keeping a dinner appointment at his club, these are not for him. Neither is he to be found in the streets after the theatres are closed. He neglects the opportunities that bring the best harvest to the cabmen's garner, but he has a snug little practice of his own, that brings him in a decent living in the course of the year.



The preservation of a cheerful exterior under other people's misfortunes is the special attribute and distinguishing characteristic of the light-comedy cabman. His mission in life is probably to cheer the desponding, to enliven the depressed, to reassure the hopeless, and generally to persuade mankind to look at misfortune from a humorous point of view. The breaking down of a brougham, full of ladies, in Seven Dials affords him an opportunity of showing how exceedingly amusing such an accident always is, if the people principally interested can only be brought to look at it in the right light. If the accident is at night, and if the ladies are in evening dress, the fun of the thing is materially increased, and if it happens to be raining, his sense of humour is gratified to the full. A gentleman who has had his hat blown off, or a lady whose dress has

been ruined by a mud-splash, enables him to indulge his cheerful disposition to make the best of things; and his behaviour at a house on fire vindicates his power of rising superior to (other people's) misfortune in a surprising degree. He is a master of the art of traditional chaff, but he is not great at original remarks. His power of rising superior to misfortune breaks down only when it is applied to his own case.

The Thumbnail Sketcher's experience among cabmen goes to show that if they are not universally civil and respectful in demeanour, and moderate in their demands (and they certainly are *not*), the old conventional foul-mouthed blackguard (of whom a specimen may be seen on the next page), is far less frequently met with than he was ten or twelve years ago. People are more ready to take out summonses than they were

ten years since, and perhaps complainants meet with more consideration in police-courts than they did formerly. The filthy, foul-mouthed, howling vagabonds who used to be the terror of old ladies, seem almost to have died out: perhaps they have retired into private life on their ill-

gotten savings. You meet with them now and then, waiting outside suburban houses where evening parties are; but they generally prow at night, and respectable ladies are seldom exposed to their mercies. Cabmen of this class always make their horses suffer for any short-



comings on the part of their fares; indeed, it may be taken as a general rule that if a cabman drives furiously away after having been discharged, he does not consider that he has been liberally dealt with by his customer.

The smartest class of cabman is the man who has passed his previous existence as a helper in a livery-stable, and who, being of a nomadic turn of mind, prefers the free-and-easy condition of a Hansom cabman to the more dependent, though perhaps more remunerative condition of a domestic groom. Such a man is represented in the initial. He drives a smart cab, and his horse is always up to the mark. He is particular with his brass-work, and, in short, he is a good specimen of what a cabman should be, but seldom is. He does something with races, and contrives, perhaps, to make a little money, which he eventually invests in a small livery 'concern.'

The next is the civil-spoken man,

who 'leaves it to you, sir.' He has an airy way with him, and an agreeable method of implying that he doesn't drive you so much for remuneration as for the sake of establishing friendly social relations with you. He is almost hurt when you ask him how much he claims; and he turns the matter over in his mind, as if it had never occurred to him to look at it from a pecuniary point of view before. He ends by giving up the solution of the difficulty as a bad job, and throws himself upon your consideration—'leaves it to you, sir.' This is an appeal to your liberality which you are not always able to withstand, and on the whole his confidence is not ill-rewarded.

The character in the cape is an unfortunate man, who don't get on in his profession, and is an apt illustration of the evils which a want of some preliminary experience in cab-driving is likely to bring upon an unintelligent practitioner. He is always in trouble. He never knows the way anywhere. The police are always



down upon him. He suffers from rheumatism. His fares are convinced that 'this is a man who should be made an example of.'



The magistrates quite agree with the fares. He parades his abusive language under the ears of the policeman on duty, and he always



selects determined men of independent fortune and a taste for petty law as the intended victims of his powers of extortion. His license

is constantly suspended, and he has become proverbial among his fellows as a man who never has got on, and never, by any chance, will.

## THE BOUQUET.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

WITH eyes a little downward bent,  
 She pauses o'er the favoured flowers—  
 New gifts which to the May were sent  
 By winds of March and April showers.  
 Miss Nelly's *bouquet* seems to bear  
 Such envious fascination in it,  
 That I—my hope—and my despair  
 Are quite forgotten for the minute.

Her meditation leaves me time,  
 And gives me matter for inditing  
 A little free and easy rhyme  
 Upon a topic so inviting.  
 A *bouquet* and a lovely face;—  
 And yet could anything be triter?  
 The theme is old and commonplace,  
 And far beneath the present writer.

There is a language for them all,  
 A floral sentiment that lingers  
 In every blossom held in thrall  
 So softly by the fairy fingers.  
 Tell, tell whatever can be told;  
 'Tis better Nelly should discover  
 The truth from *you*, a thousandfold,  
 Than from a versifying lover.

You have a little reign to-day  
 In fickle Nelly's admiration:  
 Enjoy the triumph while you may,  
 (Already near its termination).  
 Die, favourite of one afternoon;  
 My Nelly speaks—I quite expected  
 That ye would be forgotten soon,  
 And I should soon be recollected.





## THE BOUQUET.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

WITH eyes a little downward bent,  
 She pauses o'er the favoured flowers—  
 How gifts which to the May were sent,  
 By winds of March and April showers.  
 How Nelly's bouquet seems to bear  
 Such various fascination in it,  
 That I—my hope—and my despair  
 Are quite forgotten for the minute.

Her meditation leaves me time,  
 And gives me matter for inditing  
 A little free and easy rhyme  
 Upon a topic so inviting,  
 A bouquet and a lovely face;—  
 And yet could anything be truer  
 Than theme so old and commonplace,  
 And yet beneath the present writer.

There is a magic for them all,  
 A spell so potent that lingers  
 In every blossom held in thrall  
 So softly by the fairy fingers.  
 Tell, tell whoe'er can be told;  
 The better Nelly should discover  
 The truth from you, a thousandfold,  
 Than from a versifying lover.

You have a little reign to-day  
 In little Nelly's adoration:  
 Enjoy the triumph while you may,  
 (Already near its termination).  
 Die, favourite of one afternoon;  
 My Nelly speaks—I quite expected  
 That ye would be forgotten soon,  
 And I should soon be recollected.





Drawn by E. French.]

THE BOUQUET.

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## A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

## CHAPTER I.

A MAN has very hard work in the International Finance Department of Somerset House. From ten to one I have to sign my name some sixty times, and to make myself familiar with the heads of the Department by sketching their countenances on the blotting paper. It is imperatively necessary for the balance of power that I carefully peruse the 'Times' every morning. If people call on business I never forget what is due to official life so far as to be able to give them any information on the subject. Luckily reformers and the economical advisers of the estimates have not yet found any abuses in the I. F. Department, so that I luxuriate in countless rolls of red tape supplied at the public expense, and sip the brown sherry a grateful country furnishes for the leisure hours of its overworked financiers with all the complacency of the Poet Laureate.

One morning in 186—, after having successfully adjusted an impending crisis in the national credit of a European principality, and guarded against an over-issue of paper money by the King of Dahomey (the House never gives us fellows the glory of these operations, it all goes to the ministry), my eyes fell upon the following announcement in the obituary of the 'Times':—

October 6. The Rev. John Gibbons, Rector of Ashton, Herts, aged 61.

I did no more work that day. When a telegram from the Prime Minister begged me at once to see to a treaty of commerce being concluded with the United States, I threw the message to a sub.

Soon after I sauntered out and strolled down to the Park. It was one of those delicious days which sometimes occur in October. Not a breath of air stirred beneath the heavy grey sky. The sycamore leaves hung by the last fibre, yet did not fall.

Soon I made up my mind. Six months a year was little enough to

keep a wife on; but it was impossible that my talents could long lie hidden at the I. F. Department. Sir Frederick had said as much the other day. No one knew so much about the Credit Mobilier of Austria, and an envoy would soon be wanted to proceed to Francis Joseph's court. Kate was a fine-looking woman. Plenty of good hair, teeth unexceptionable; we had certainly loved each other a good deal last summer. What would the poor girl do now she was alone in the world? I had just time at my lodgings to throw my things into a portmanteau, seize my despatch-box, and reach King's Cross in time for the 4.30 down train. There was yet a moment to telegraph to my clerk—

'Important Cabinet meeting at Lord H——'s. Have to attend to settle the claims of Prussia. Invest the Pomeranian 160,000*l.* Decline Emperor's offer. Back on the 20th. Letters to be sent to Ashton Hall.'

With dusk the train stopped at Ashton Station. Oddly enough I found a trap from my uncle's waiting there; but then somehow or other things always do arrange themselves for men born to command their fellows.

'Well, John,' I said, as we sped along the side of the park, 'how is the master?'

'Not anything to boast of, sir: he has a touch of his old enemy, but he will be glad to see you.'

'Ah, I shall just save dinner. Birds plentiful this season?'

'Pretty fair, sir; no one has shot them yet. The rector has been too ill to walk: you know he died on Saturday?'

'Yes, I had heard, but here we are! Hold up, old horse! Now, John, take the ribbons.'

I descended and was shown into the library. My uncle nursed his gouty feet by the side of a huge wood fire carefully arranged on dogs three centuries old. The great and wise of all times and countries were caged around the walls in row after

row of books. His welcome if somewhat testy was cordial.

'Well, Alan, what brings you here? Have cab-hire and white kid gloves ruined you?'

'Not exactly, or I should have stopped short at Colney Hatch. The fact is, my dear uncle, negotiations of a very important character have been set on foot with Prussia. I had to run down to Lord H——'s; they can't settle these affairs, you know, without some one from the I. F. Department; I took you *en route*, hoping with Milton that your experience

'Might attain

To something of prophetic strain'

on my behalf.'

'Hem!' said the old man, mollified; 'time was when the Premier constantly sent down a Queen's Messenger to me on the eve of an important debate. I remember Castle-reagh waking me at three in the morning and sitting on my bed while I thought over what was the best course to be taken with regard to the French intervention in Spain.'

'Political wisdom at present,' I observed, 'too often consults the presiding genius of the "Morning Star." We will discuss Prussia's embarrassments over the Clos Vougeot. Shall I ring for your valet to take your arm while I help you in to dinner?'

The *purée* and turbot were so unexceptionable that I was not surprised at my uncle's attack of gout. When the cloth was removed (dinner *à la Russe* found no favour at Ashton), the butler placed Mr. Norris's toast and water before him.

'No, no, Morton; Alan must be supported,' said he, 'at the sherry. Get me some Clos Vougeot. Alan, you are quite right,' he continued, 'no one ever took harm from Burgundy. Erasmus rejuvenated himself by drinking it. Old Drencham may say what he likes to-morrow. *Nunc est bibendum!*'

After a pause he went on. 'Poor Gibbons is dead, Alan; I shall miss him very much. It is very sad about Kate; she will have to go out as a governess. It seems her father invested largely in the Tidal Wave Force Company and has lost his all.

They smashed last week, and he had a fit when they told him.'

'I had hoped some good fellow ere this would have asked for her hand,' I observed, carelessly.

'Yes, she is pretty, certainly, and what is better, clever; but you young men now-a-days rave after a blonde *chevelure*, and she has hair as black as night.'

'If I were a marrying man,' I remarked, holding my glass up to the light, 'I think I should have hazarded a refusal. But then she is penniless, and love in a cottage would not suit me after diplomatic dinners; nor could I earth up celery after having arbitrated the great Zollverein treaty.'

My uncle laid down his glass ere he had well tasted the glowing liquid and tapped his snuff-box in great perturbation.

'To be sure, love matches are all very well, Alan, for your romantic men, college fellows and the like. No practical man could think of such a thing were the lady Helen herself. Ashton Hall is a fine estate, is it not?'

'Yes, you have greatly improved it. Netherby tells me the young timber is now saleable. Planting in the manner you did fifty years ago was most judicious.'

'It ought to be made up with the Fluxton estate,' he went on, not heeding my interruption. 'People say Laura Fluxton is plain, as if an heiress were ever beautiful! I should like to see the man who will have Ashton adding Fluxton to it.'

I was my uncle's favourite nephew, so I winced internally at the suggestion.

'You see, sir, a fellow likes to see a pretty girl at the end of his table. Why didn't Dame Fortune give Kate Gibbons the manor as a dowry for her good looks?'

'The heir of Ashton ought to marry Laura Fluxton,' said my uncle, decisively, 'were she Muckmouthed Meg herself!'

'Certainly, sir,' I said with perfectly unconscious look; 'and if she refuses him, I will get him an introduction to the Pig-faced Lady. She has no end of money, they say, and after a year of her a man might be

further encouraged to go in for the Dunmow sitch.

'Nay, Alan,' observed he once more with a smile, 'so rash a man you may be sure would never get a ruler.'

But when he wished me good-night he once more returned to the point.

'You stop here to-morrow?'

'Unless the country goes to the dogs during my absence.'

'Ride over to see Laura to-morrow morning. Oh! by the way, tell Netherby and Stanley I shall want them as witnesses to a document when you return. Good-night!'

After breakfast next day I asked Mr. Norris if he had any commands for Fluxton Hall ere I mounted my horse.

'Hah, hah!' he chuckled, 'ask Fluxton about that poaching rascal Morris; and hark ye! sacrifice to the Graces and vow a hecatomb to Persuasion; Venus and all her doves go with you!'

He stood watching me down the park: at the lodge I turned and rode swiftly towards the rectory.

Kate and I had exchanged divers love passages in years past. She was now in trouble. Come what would I would marry her. She must not go forth into a cold world to earn her bread as a governess.

The rectory stood apart from the rest of the village shaded by old oaks. They were now straining in the wind, and only here and there a yellow leaf clung to the naked boughs.

I put the horse into the well-known stable, crossed the lawn to the drawing-room bow-window, opened it, and entered.

'Pardon me, Miss Gibbons, but I would not ring and disturb you to-day. I am not going to sympathise or condole with you as an ordinary friend might do. I have come down from London to see, as something deeper than a friend, in what I can help.'

'Oh, Mr. Woodward! what can I say to you at such a time as this? Yours is true kindness!' and she turned away much affected.

After a pause I resumed—'You will have to see to your father's will

and to dilapidations on the house; but first, where are you going while all these duties—these sad duties to a mourner—are being gone through?'

'You have heard from your uncle, of course, about my father's speculations. They have proved most unfortunate—he lost all. The furniture will pay for our debts, but I grieve at not being able to meet the dilapidations which will certainly be heavy on this old house. As for myself, I shall seek employment, and hope in time to liquidate everything.' And Miss Gibbons proudly faced her lover.

'Kate, I have three hundred pounds lying idle at my banker's; borrow it—you can pay me interest if you will.'

'How can I thank you for your generosity? but—ah no, no, I cannot take it, Mr. Woodward!'

'Then take me with it, Kate, if that will reconcile you better to it,' and I held her hand firmly, which struggled to be free. 'You know how long I have loved—I came here on purpose to say this—Kate, my own Kate, look up!'

She paused a moment and then she said—'It is almost too happy—but your uncle—he would never forgive me. Oh, Mr. Woodward—Alan—it cannot be!—do not ask me further,'—and she sat down pale as death on the sofa.

I begged and implored, but to no purpose—she would not even give me hope; nothing was so abhorrent to her feelings as to enter a family where she was not welcome. I blamed her pride, she acknowledged she deserved it; I railed at my uncle; she said—

'Nay, nay, true friend, do not speak thus with him above yet unburied! You shall hear betimes from me. If I am in difficulty I promise to write to you and trust you as my brother—do not grieve! Forgive me!'—and she turned her earnest eyes on me.

I could only silently kiss her forehead and gaze a moment into her face. Then I retreated to my horse and rode off silent and dispirited. I loved her truly: why should she thus throw so foolish an obstacle in

the way—she loved me—had as good as confessed it: why are girls so fanciful?

Occupied by these sombre reflections, I was startled as I turned out of the lane into the main road by a groom galloping by. He pulled up on seeing me, and asked hurriedly if I had seen his mistress.

'What? A lady pass here? No. Nothing amiss, eh?'

'She was riding Proud Peter, sir: he's a desperate horse in his tantrums, and has started off like mad with her while I was getting a stone out of this un's foot,'—and chatting with the butcher, he might have added.

We galloped on together. After a turn or two the road opened upon a common, and there we saw the runaway scattering the sheep in every direction as he furiously bore off his helpless rider. I knew enough of the country to be aware that over the dip he was rapidly approaching were several chalk quarries and that instant action was necessary. My horse soon distanced the groom, and bore me rapidly across the arc of the fugitive's course, my aim being to cut off the terrified animal and either seize the reins or at all events head him from the quarries. Onwards I sped with the riding habit of the slim figure before me fluttering behind her as my mark and her hair (she had lost her hat) streaming in the brisk autumnal breeze. It was an exciting chase. I was rapidly nearing them, when her horse swerved to the right and made straight at a hedge—a regular bullfinch—my only comfort was there was no quarry on the opposite side. The lady still sat him bravely—a moment more and they neared it. I had just time to shout 'Lift him to it!' when there was a spring, a loud crash, and the animal burst through, leaving his rider insensible on the earth with an ugly cut on her head.

#### CHAPTER II.

'Well,' said my uncle, with his hand on the bell when I entered the library that afternoon, 'am I to ring for Netherby and Stanley?'

'If you think they can be of any service to you.'

'Well but, Alan,—have you left her an accepted suitor? Is it all right?'

'No, sir: it is a very nasty cut indeed.'

'Cut!' roared my uncle, 'cut! do you mean to say she wouldn't have you? Tell me all about it. What hard hearts girls have now-a-days!'

'I assure you, Wood says she will carry the mark of to-day's work to her grave.'

'You don't mean to say you told that chatterbox Wood about your proposal? Why Wood will tell it to all his patients!'

'Proposal? I really don't understand you.'

'Come, come, Alan, *finesse* apart, of course it is all right, eh? Those fellows will come up directly and we will execute the will forthwith.'

'But unfortunately Miss Fluxton is still insensible: she was flung from her horse this afternoon and her head is seriously injured.'

'Whew!' said my uncle, solemnly, 'is she very—'

At this moment the door opened and a footman ushered into the presence Netherby in a russet garb and an awestruck countenance, and Stanley, pale with terror and repeatedly stroking his hair to my uncle.

'Hillo! What? I don't want you!' he shouted to the unlucky fellows—'go and be hanged to you both for a couple of,' &c. &c.: long before he could finish the wretched rustics had fled to the servants' hall, while I shouted with laughter.

The old man flung himself into his arm-chair and moodily resumed: 'You will have to wait and try again; meanwhile, make yourself happy with the pheasants. The I. F. Department will have to lose your valuable aid for the present.'

'Unfortunately Briggs handed me a telegram from Lennox as I dismounted. The Kuttack Province want a loan at once, 500,000; I must run back and see about it. I suppose, or else there will be some terrible blunder. There are not

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the way—she loved me—had as good as confessed it: why are girls so fanciful?

Obscured by those sombre reflections, I was startled as I turned out of the lane into the main road by a green galloping by. He pulled up on seeing me, and asked hurriedly if I had seen his mistress.

'What? A lady gone here? No, I know nothing of it.'

She was riding toward Peter, sir: look a desperate horse in his tantrums, and mistaking off like mad with her when I was riding a stone out of this way—had, and chatting with the hunter, he might have killed.

We galloped on together. After a bare or two the road opened upon a common, and there we saw the runaway scattering the sheep in every direction as he furiously bore off his helpless rider. I knew enough of the country to be aware that over the dip he was rapidly approaching some several chalk quarries, and that instant action was necessary. My horse soon distanced the green, and soon we rapidly ascended the side of the fugitive quarry, my aim being to cut off the terrified animal and either seize the reins or at all events head him from the quarry. Towards I sped with the quick habit of the slim figure before me flitting behind her as my mark and her hair (she had lost her hat) streaming in the brisk autumnal breeze. It was an exciting chase. I was rapidly nearing them, when her horse swerved to the right and made straight at a hedge—a slight belidishness—my only comfort was there was no quarry on the opposite side. The only thing set him bravely—a moment more and they reared it. That just time to shoot! I left him to it: when there was a spring, a loud crash, and the animal burst through, leaving his rider insensible on the earth with an ugly cut on her head.

#### CHAPTER II.

'Well,' said my uncle, with his hand on the bell when I entered the library that afternoon, 'am I to ring for Netherby and Stanley?'

'If you think they can be of any service to you.'

'Well, then, I shall have you let her an unexpected visitor? Is it all right?'

'No, sir, it is a very ugly cut indeed.'

'Cut?' repeated the uncle, 'do you mean to say she would have you? What was it about? What have these girls been doing lately?'

'I am sure, what she does carry the matter through and her grave.'

'You don't mean to say you think that chatterbox would do so?'

'Propose? I mean she'll stand you.'

'Come, uncle, don't be so of course it is all right, oh, fellows will stand you, but we will examine her and see with.'

'But unfortunately the girl is still insensible, she was from her horse, she cannot see her head is seriously injured.'

'When?' said my uncle, 'is she very?'

At this moment the door and a fortune-teller and a province Netherby, a man and an aviator, and Stanley, pale with terror, peatedly striking his head.

'Hallo! What? I see you!' he shouted to the fellows—'go out he has both for a couple of days before he could find the rustics had fled to the hills while I shouted with you.'

The old man, with his arm-chair and cane, 'You will have to go again; meanwhile, be happy with the police. I. E. Department will be your valuable aid for the time.'

'Unfortunately I received a telegram from the mounted. The fellows want a loss at once, must run back and I suppose, or else the terrible blunder.'





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above two of the subs who know where the Kuttack Provinces are. I don't want the department to be overhauled in the House: some fellow will be proposing to give us Cape Sherry, so I must at once wish you good-bye!

As I spoke, the carriage passed the windows, and ere long I was once more whirled off to the great Babylon.

The Kuttack loan was duly negotiated, and a month more found us busy upon the Caribbee Succession Duty. Lord Mayor's-day with the usual raid of Whitechapel upon decent hats had just passed, when among my correspondence arrived two private letters.

One was directed in a hand that had been bold enough for a premier, but now it shook sadly here and there, and the letters were occasionally blurred and smudged like the same worthy's fingers when knotted with gout. This could be from no one but my uncle.

'Dear Alan,' it began, 'I thought you would like some news from Ashton this dull weather. Miss Fluxion has quite recovered: young Quickspeke is to marry her in a month. I do not think you would have had any chance, unless she had been ignorant of your proposal to Miss Gibbons. Some men never know Comet port from Oxford mixture. My sister Jane's boy is fond of a country life: I trust the new ministry will not forget such devoted public servants as yourself. Netherby and Stanley have just come in to witness my signature, so I must end ever your affectionate uncle,

'C. H. NORRIS.'

'Lambton!' I cried to my head clerk.

That functionary appeared prompt as the genii when Aladdin rubbed his lamp. 'Oblige me by putting this letter in the hottest part of the fire,' I observed, and the note was consumed to ashes forthwith.

Now for the other. It was written on black-edged mourning paper from the 'severe affliction' department; the handwriting was firm yet delicate and ladylike.

Ship 'Euphrates,' Gravesend, :  
Nov. 11, 186--.

'MY DEAR MR. WOODWARD,

'After your kindness to me at Ashton and my promise to let you know what my plans were, you will not be surprised to hear that I am going to India as governess to the Honourable Sir R. Prynne's daughters. We sail in an hour. You will soon learn to thank me for sparing us the bitterness of saying farewell to one another. You carry with you my loving affection and best wishes for your happiness; a kinder fate might have saved me from signing myself your most sincere and sisterly friend,

'K. G.'

'Lambton! a Hansom immediately!'

I reached Gravesend to hear the 'Euphrates' sailed during the night. She might touch at Plymouth, but it depended on the weather.

Of course the Caribbee Succession Duty Papers could follow me to Plymouth; my name could be signed there as well as in London. I went down by the night mail, and next morning called upon the agent of the packet line to which the 'Euphrates' belonged.

He informed me decisively but courteously that there was not the slightest chance of her touching at, or even sighting Plymouth. She had discharged her pilot at Folkestone, the telegraph had that morning brought word, and was rapidly making the best of her way down Channel with a favouring wind. Sometimes when passengers joined at Plymouth their vessels put in there, but the 'Euphrates' had shipped her full complement before leaving Gravesend.

What was to be done now? It was certain I should not see Kate again. I was chagrined, certainly, nay, seriously grieved, I settled with myself while smoking my cigar on the Hoe. My affection for her was so deep that I could not all at once and philosophically consign her memory to that limbo of lost loves to be found at the bottom of most men's hearts. Yet it was absurd for a man of the world like myself

who hobnobbed familiarly with ministers and had the *entrée* of every house worth knowing in Mayfair—it did seem absurd for me to be so hard hit at losing a simple clergyman's daughter. I could not return to town at once. It was to be hoped the Caribbean millionaires could wait a little longer for their documents. I am not sentimental, but it would be pleasant, I fancied, for a time to live 'the world-forgetting, by the world forgot.' And so I determined to pay a visit, now it was so near, to the Lizard.

After a drive of a dozen miles from Helston, the little omnibus deposited me, with two more passengers, inmates of the little village, in an open courtyard at the back of the only inn in the locality. It was dusk, and beyond two or three squalid cottages and a cheery radiance of the kitchen window before me, I could see nothing save moon and mist. There was not a tree, not a bush, not a twig, nor had we passed any for the last two miles. Heather swept by the keen breeze and a vast cloud-curtain overhanging the cliffs facing the sea closed in the prospect. I shivered and went in to find sour cider the only beverage attainable, unless I tried the landlord's wine and spirit store.

'Ye see, sir, us don't often get gentlemen here but in summer, and there isn't much drinking among the men. The teetotal sect is a main trouble to tavern keepers,' and so saying the host consoled himself with a pull at cider 'sharp' enough to cut his throat.

I slept well, for I had the inn to myself, and next day descended to the shore. There was a magnificent sea rolling into the little bay under a brisk south-wester, turgid and swollen on the horizon, and breaking here and there into angry foam, which was overwhelmed forthwith by the succeeding surge, as a luckless trooper who falls in a cavalry charge is trampled under foot by his comrades. The coast was composed of serpentine rocks, cruel and sharp, like wolf's teeth, where they receded from the shore, but split into a hundred jagged reef-like masses where the sea roared and

leapt and chafed in sheets of surf before me. A lurid glare overhead, athwart which dirty yellowish cloud-drifts were hurried with their ragged edges catching the gleam for a moment and then swept into the mist, boded but ill, I thought, for mariners who should near those ironbound coasts. It was a splendid spectacle, and as the day wore on I watched with the old light-house keeper the waves increase and every sail seek the offing. At night-fall a tremendous gale was raging, the wind howled, and a legion of demons seemed disputing the cliffs with the waves. Rain lashed down in torrents, and surf was sent flying in sheets over the moor. The old salt shrugged his shoulders, wished me good night, and went in.

About midnight I was roused by the shouts of men running under my windows. I could hear their anxious voices over the roar of the storm. The landlord came to the door, knocked hurriedly, and said, 'There's a large ship on the rocks off the Old Head, sir; would you like to see the life-boat go out?' I did not wait for a second invitation, but soon joined him, clad in a boating coat and a sou-wester tied well on my head.

We were almost carried off our feet as we came out upon the cliffs by the Head. It was an awful sight. By a straggling moon we could discern mountains of surf hurled over the rocks beneath us and gleaming like sheets of flying silver. Out to sea was a writhing, howling wilderness, each surge striving to outtop its neighbour. Half a mile out, lit by a couple of blue lights, lay the hull of a large vessel, broadside on the waves. You could hear them boom and hiss, and shriek as they flew over her and overwhelmed her in foam. Every now and then a gun was fired, and the sea, cumbered with topmasts and wreckage, was vividly lighted up for a moment to pass into thicker darkness than ever, as the report reached our ears.

We ran down the zigzag path to the cove. Her crew were already hauling down the life-boats. They wanted one to fill up her quota.

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It was not hatred of life now I had lost my love that impelled me to offer my services; it was that stirring desire which comes over a man in serious issues to lend his arm and take his life in his hand if he can only save others. One who has pulled in an Oxford eight-oar is sure to get at home even with the ponderous oar of a life-boat. The crew hesitated, and some preferred waiting for Simmons, but he had some distance to come, and no one could say for certain that he knew anything about the wreck. Meanwhile the storm blew in furious gusts, no more guns were fired from the stranded ship, the waves were evidently driving the men from below. There was no time to be lost. 'Will you obey orders?' said the coxswain.

'I'll do my very best and drown with you, my lads, if we fail.'

'Hurrah!' they cried, 'put on the jacket and take your place!'

'Now then, easy, lads, shove her off,' shouted the cox.; 'now's your time!'

The willing arms of the crowd pushed us down the slips and ran us out well into the surf, some getting knocked down and all thoroughly drenched in the operation.

'Head to it, lads! stick to your oars and we'll soon reach her.' These were the last commands I heard. A huge roller sprang over us ere we could clear the surf, filled the boat with water, and half-stunned me. 'Hold hard, mate!' said the man who shared my bench, 'we shan't ship any more.'

We did not for some time get a further wetting; the difficulty was to keep one's seat as the boat rode madly up some mountainous wave to shoot headlong into its trough, and then to be knocked about in the broken water before the next swell came and the previous movements were repeated. It was desperate work, too, laying hold of the waves with the oar, such was the swiftness with which they flew by, and the force with which they beat upon its blade. I was exhausted before we had made half the distance, while my companion chewed his quid and pulled away with supreme indif-

ference. 'What ship is she?' I said to him. 'I thought a collier at first,' he returned, 'but Bill tells me it's the "You-fear-at-ease!"' 'Us can't abide them furrin' names! She's an Indiaman.'

The 'Euphrates!' I thought, and Kate in danger! with clenched teeth I felt no more fatigue, but pulled mechanically, amazing my neighbour by my efforts.

'Look out!' roared the skipper, 'grip for your lives!' and with the words, a thundering swell caught us obliquely on the starboard, snapped two of the oars, and overturned the boat in an avalanche of foam. In a few seconds, which seemed ages to a submerged man, gripping the safety lines for dear life's sake, she righted herself. I picked myself up from the confusion of ropes and stores in which I lay, seized my oar hanging by its lanyard, took a long breath, and once more we made way, the water running out of the false bottom of the boat as we picked up two of our mates floating along upborne by their cork jackets.

Soon we gained the 'Euphrates,' and ran as far as we dared venture into the caldron or surf around her; a few sailors appeared on the deck, and several women were wailing on the poop as every minute the huge seas leapt over them, carrying away one occasionally in their grasp. We could not help those ill-fated souls, as we were lying on and off, while our cox. flung the sailors a rope. All the boats, bulwarks, and deck lumber had long been swept off, and evidently most of her crew were lost already. While we were drawing up, the end was at hand. Three immense rollers in close succession riding high and hissing as they came on, discharged themselves viciously on the 'Euphrates.' There was a roar, a loud cracking, and amidst the shrieks of the women the noble ship heeled over and went all at once to pieces. We drew out as quickly as we could from the confused surges and dangerous proximity of the wreckage. It is a marvel to me, looking back on that frightful night, how we survived, considering what cross waves

boarded us at this time, dashing spars and hencoops over us, and tossing the heavy life-boat like an eggshell where they would. Each of us did his best to save the poor creatures who were borne by us. Eight men and three children were picked up. Then we steered right into the heart of the wreckage and got in two ladies, but alas! neither was Kate. The moon now shone brightly over the awful waste of waters: no more bodies were to be seen, and the coxswain gave the word, 'Home.' Still I peered over every wave and scanned every trough in hopes of seeing—ha! what is that? Kate's pale, upturned face drifting by! In an instant I dropped my oar, leaped in the seething chasm, with two strokes was upon her, and grasped her hair! We were borne on, a surge flew over us, I was stunned, smothered, became insensible, but still I clung to my prize, and my cork jacket held us both up.

When the sun was high in the heavens next day, bringing out the seagulls in strong relief against the still sullen waves that chafed round the Lizard Head, I awoke to find myself famous. Kate was safe and in a fair way to recover speedily from her fright and immersion. The crew had picked us up after a severe struggle with the currents that set in so strongly off the Head. Our love-story had oozed out by some means or other, I learned, and Kate and myself were receiving no small amount of popular sympathy. It was strange to find Rumour with her thousand tongues busy in this remote corner of the land.

Then came reporters by the dozen, like birds of prey which instinctively fly to their proper food. I became a hero now if I had been only a successful financier before. He was a made man among them who could only catch sight of my umbrella.

I was daily drawn out into numberless paragraphs headed, 'A deed of daring;'—'Noble action;'—'Gallant exploit;' &c., as a small lump of gold is beaten into fibres broad enough to cover a country. Then when Kate and I were married as privately as we could, at Llandwednack Church (the most southerly church in England and the parish church of the Lizard), the enthusiasm of the papers knew no bounds. The 'romantic incident,' which at last gave me the 'love of my lifetime,' was blazoned far and wide; and many a leading article in that dull time of the year revelled in gushing superlatives and lost itself in praises of marriage, 'the perennial Paradise of Humanity,' to do us honour.

Four gratifying results followed this event:

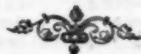
I. I was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society and their thanks inscribed on vellum. Other men, I believe, get silver medals and thanks written on parchment.

II. Lord Hanaper suddenly remembered the Inspectorship of Sealing-wax and Wafers was vacant,—and by Jove, sir! that industrious and gallant Woodward shall have it! It is worth 3000*l.* per annum and a sinecure.

III. I received another letter from Mr. Norris, saying he had revoked his will and was making a new one in my favour. 'Excuse haste, Alan; Netherby and Stanley have just come up to witness signature.'

IV. And lastly. If anything were wanting to the perfect happiness which should always wait upon true love and successful heroism, this morning has supplied it. I have just become the happy father of twins. They are to be named Hero and Leander, and are at the present moment going on swimmingly.

M. G. W.





## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

ON SOME MEN OF SCIENCE, AND THEIR GUESSES.

MR. DARWIN'S new work\* will unquestionably be the great scientific novelty of the present season. It is the sequel to that famous 'Origin of Species' which seven years ago elicited some hundred controversial publications, and excited as keen an interest as any political or theological question of the day. We may pause for a moment to express our regret that ill health has been the reason of the tardy appearance of the work, and also to offer our congratulation on the success of Mr. Darwin's son, who is this year the second wrangler at Cambridge. The Darwins are men who have a vested and hereditary interest in science. One ancestor of our philosopher was the Erasmus Darwin who wrote the 'Botanic Garden,' and another, Josiah Wedgwood, was the great promoter of ceramic art. Have our readers ever read the 'Voyage of the *Beagle* round the world'? Let those few with whom it is not familiar instantly obtain it. It is the most philosophical book of travels ever written, and must, we think, go far to foster in its readers a love of experiment and observation. It is the best introduction to Mr. Darwin's subsequent writings, and to that series of future works which he promises in support of his hypothesis, and which, we sincerely trust, he will have the health and energy to complete. It would be well if those who were so very ill at ease on the theory of the 'Origin of Species' by means of Natural Selection would remember that it is simply an hypothesis, carefully considered, and perhaps established, in the author's mind; but still an hypothesis. No scientific induction can be made unless we have the help of an hypothesis to string the facts together. Mr. Darwin holds

his theory because he considers that it collects under one point of view, and gives a rational explanation of many apparently independent classes of facts. He is entitled to hold this hypothesis, the most brilliant of all Guesses at Truth, although it is altogether open to controversy whether he has really guessed rightly. It will be convenient to some of our readers if we re-state that hypothesis. The idea is otherwise stated by the term 'Survival of the Fittest.' In the battle of existence extending over many centuries, the weak continually disappear and the strong prevail; the varieties which possess an advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct, are preserved by a process which he calls Natural Selection. The question arises, what may not this natural selection eventually effect? and we find the admirers of Mr. Darwin prophesying that at last 'the body of Osiris will rise in all its incomparable perfection.'

But the question is, whether organic beings really possess the inherent tendency to vary, on which Mr. Darwin builds his theory? He puts forth the present volumes as containing a large portion of his evidences. Whatever may be thought of the theory itself, the enormous accumulation of facts here brought together is fraught, in the highest degree, with interest and instruction. Those who are most inimical to the hypothesis will admit that on the subject of inheritance, and of transmitted peculiarities, on many subjects which will interest the highest philosophical thinker, on many subjects which will have the greatest interest for any reader who has the slightest touch of the naturalist about him, the present volumes form such a collection of facts as heretofore has hardly ever been brought together. Yet there is certainly a sense of comparative failure and incongruity, when we find that

\* 'The Variations of Plants and Animals under Observation.' By Charles Darwin, M.A. With Illustrations. 2 vols.: Murray.

Mr. Darwin, in support of his hypothesis that we all come from one stock, has selected the domestic pigeon alone for exhaustive description. He takes a hundred and fifty distinguishable kinds, proved to be descended from one stock, and says that if they had been found in a state of nature they would have been grouped in at least five genera. This is interesting enough, but in the mean time his impugners say that 'his animated world rests upon the back of a pigeon,' and they further urge, on scientific grounds, with which we will not venture to trouble our readers, that his pigeon upsets him. It must be said that Mr. Darwin writes with admirable tone and temper, and it would certainly not be conjectured from his own pages that his speculations have been the object of so much angry controversy. More words cannot, however, here be given to a man of scientific character, but less could not be afforded to a work of such conspicuous merit and general interest.

But this mention of scientific hypothesis, the noblest kind of all guessing, recalls to my mind a noble passage which I read the other day in a semi-scientific work of a most remarkable kind\*—a passage which shows how the imaginative mind of a poet, to which the cold light of science is supposed to be most averse, has lighted upon truths of the highest scientific nature. This eloquent writer says:—

'One of the most beautiful scientific generalizations was the result not of the patient, persevering researches of the naturalist, but of the dreamy reverie of a poet. On the meditative mind of Goethe on one occasion dawned the bright idea, that the flower of a plant is not, as is commonly supposed, an added or separate organ, but only the highest development, or rather transformation of its leaves; that all the parts of a plant, from the seed to the blossom, are mere modifications of a leaf. This idea, at first, was founded on no observations of Na-

ture or accumulations of facts; it was laughed at by scientific men as the dream of one ignorant of science; and even by the kindred mind of Schiller it was regarded simply as a poetical fancy, though he acknowledged its beauty and ingenuity. But as time wore on it began to attract more reverent attention; it was found to be a clear exposition of a somewhat hazy presentiment of the great Linnaeus, and of a theory long buried in neglect, first propounded by Wolff. Thus recommended by scientific authority, men began to study it anew in the light of Nature's own revelations, and soon became convinced of its scientific value. Jussieu and De Candolle, the eminent French botanists, gave their unqualified assent to it; and now the poetry of the idea is lost sight of in its poetic reality, and it is taught as a fundamental and all-essential truth in every text-book of vegetable physiology. The beneficial effects which it produced upon the study of natural history it is impossible to over-estimate. It created a complete revolution in the science of botany, changing it from a mass of confused and discordant facts into a highly compact and symmetrical system. It furnished a proper basis upon which a solid and accurate theory of the vegetable kingdom could be constructed. It supplied the key of explanation for the occurrence of all those singular metamorphoses which plants undergo, and which were formerly utterly inexplicable. It lies at the root of the arts of agriculture and horticulture; for without the law involved in it the simple wild plants of Nature could not possibly be connected with the magnificent double flowers of our gardens and the useful product of our fields.'

But the most remarkable of our scientific guessers is, of course, glorious old Murchison. He has engraved his name on rock, waterfall, and land, in the localities which grateful discoverers have named after him, unless, sharing the fate of the Dutch discoverers, of whom Mr. Motley tells us, the places are christened over again by the un-

\* 'Bible Teachings in Nature.' By Rev. Hugh Macmillan: Macmillan. A work unrivalled for its unique and harmonious combination of science, poetry, and religion.

grateful forgetfulness of after ages. Sir Roderick has distinguished himself by two of the most successful and magnificent guesses which science has ever attempted. In one of his addresses to the Royal Geographical Society, of which it would be hardly too much to say that he is the animating principle, Sir Roderick propounded the original view that all the interior of South Africa would be found to consist of a vast watery plateau, from which the waters escaped to the ocean through fissures in loftier mountains. Guess, number one, verified by Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker, and by other African travellers! His wonderful judgment, which almost rises into an intuition of truth, detected through all depressing accounts the clear hope and expectation that Livingstone was surviving. I dined with Livingstone the evening before he went away, and it was quite a weight off my mind to hear Sir Roderick's now verified hope, that my most pleasant, kindhearted acquaintance was still cheerfully pioneering the path of discovery through the African continent. His other great guess was made in the year 1844, when he conjectured that Australia was a gold-bearing country. He noticed the similarity of its rocks to those of the Ural mountains, and so formed his guess. He strongly advised the poor Cornish tin-miners out of employ to dig for gold in Australia; and what a thousand pities it is that his advice was not more extensively followed. I have the case of those poor Cornish tin-miners very much at heart. The waste lands ought to be given to them to cultivate, and they ought to be assisted to emigrate to wherever there is a real need of their pickaxe and gad. As soon as Sir Roderick received specimens of the gold he had predicted, he strongly urged on the Government to arrange matters for this contingency, and explained all about it in the 'Quarterly Review.' Now what bold and glorious guesses these are! Sir Roderick has probably done greater things, as in the elaboration of the Silurian and Devonian systems, and the classification of rock

masses; but there can hardly be anything more sublime than guesses like these, which may ultimately change the history of the world. It would be almost fatiguing just to say what Sir Roderick has done in his feats of intellectual labour. And all this in a Belgravian of fortune, an old soldier, too, who fought in the battle of Corunna, and who used to ride regularly to hounds.

Then look, again, at Professor Owen. He is a vast literary and scientific subject in himself which would require no end of getting up. What a capital account Mr. Walford has given of him in his 'Representative Men,'\* an account which is quite a model of scientific biography! Owen might have adopted the useful but obscure life of a naval surgeon had not Abernethy detected his great genius as an anatomist and procured him an office at the Hunterian Museum, for which Professor Owen has hardly done less than the great Hunter himself. Most readers will recollect the part which he took in the gorilla controversy, in which he proved a pillar of strength to M. du Chaillu. Here is a scientific induction which, to the popular mind, took the character of the boldest guess. Professor Owen's announcement of the past, or possibly the present existence of a race of struthious birds, of gigantic size, in New Zealand, derived from the examination of a femur, was one of the 'fairly tales of science.' 'So far as my skill in interpreting an osseous fragment,' said Professor Owen, 'may be credited, I am willing to risk the reputation for it on this statement.' It may now be said, that the theory has been satisfactorily demonstrated; any one may see, at the British Museum, where Mr. Owen would like to have an additional five acres for specimens, the skeleton of the *dinornis elephantopus*. When the fragmentary fossil relics brought by the 'Beagle' were handed over by Mr. Darwin to Professor Owen, he succeeded, by a microscopical examination of apparently valueless

\* 'Representative Men in Literature, Science, and Art.' By Edward Walford, M.A. With Photographic Portraits from life: A. W. Bennett. 1868.

fragments, such as the teeth, in reconstructing extinct animals, in a way such as not even Cuvier himself had attempted. He would build up a whole animal from such unobserved circumstances as the grooves channelled in the bones by blood-vessels, or perforations by nerves. It has been truly said of Professor Owen that, from the sponge to man, he has thrown new light on every subject he has touched. Professor Owen has been ordinarily ranked as a supporter of the theory of development. But it would be well if, instead of accusing him of a scientific pantheism, we gave due attention to his own remarks, which go far to reconcile scientific facts with the teleological argument. 'When the analogy of a machine fails to explain the structure of an organ, such structure does not exist in vain if its true comprehension lead rational and responsible beings to a better conception of their own origin and creation.' 'There are phenomena which God, in his unsearchable ways, permits to be known by his observant instruments; and these phenomena, faithfully interpreted, plainly indicate that He has been pleased to operate differently from what some prefer to believe; thereupon the interpreter is charged with "blotting God out of creation." But on such charge truly lies the impiety. Could the pride of the heart be reached, when such imputations came, then would be found, unuttered,—"Unless every living thing has come to be in the way required by my system of theology, Deity shall have no share in its creation."'

We have just lost a scientific baronet by the death of Brewster, and have obtained one by the deserved promotion of Wheatstone. The death of Sir David reminds me of an earnest sentence well worth the quoting: 'At the close of all labours, a man must ask to what good end he has given himself. There are few who will find the answer so easy as those who have contributed even the smallest help in widening our knowledge of the order of Nature, and in revealing for our adoration the divine ideas which

are at the basis of all things. In the generous efforts they are called to make, they have a hope, better founded than most human expectations, that they will find that education of their faculties for the future which we may reasonably suppose to be the most important object of our present existence.' This is from the review, in the last 'Edinburgh,' of Dr. Tyndall's lectures on Sound, which were probably heard by many of our readers, at the Royal Institution. It was a famous saying of Sir David Brewster: 'I have no doubt that before another century is completed, a talking and a singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of science.' A considerable progress in this direction has been made by Wheatstone. He invented the concertina, the stereoscope, and the solar clock. He was the originator of the submarine telegraph, and we all know how much he has done towards the electric telegraph. By the way, I cannot but express my extreme regret at the obituary notice of Sir David in the 'Athenæum.' They could not forget their sharp discussion with him on the subject of Desmaizeaux. 'What we said of Desmaizeaux we say of him, that he lived and died in honour.' The circumstances were hardly such that the 'Athenæum' should insist on having the last word. Whether justly or unjustly, Desmaizeaux has left a tarnished and contested reputation, and Brewster's name ought not to be compared with that of the less eminent Frenchman. Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, himself a man of the highest scientific attainments, and the discoverer of chloroform, who gained his title of honour by reason of those attainments, has recently given a most affecting account of his attendance as medical man at the death-bed of Sir David Brewster. There never was a bedside so perfectly calm and happy. It was his idea that much of the happiness of heaven would consist of the advance of the soul in the mysteries of science and creation. But above all other thoughts, the thought of his Saviour and of heavenly happiness was

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Professor Tyndall is just about to issue an account of Michael Faraday as a discoverer. Certainly we have had no greater man in modern times as a discoverer. It has been truly said, also, that Sir Humphry Davy made no greater discovery than when he discovered Michael Faraday. There never was a character of greater moral beauty than Faraday's, nor more animated by a pure, disinterested, absorbing love of truth. As a scientific man, Faraday could hardly have an abler exponent than Professor Tyndall. But there exists a radical difference between Faraday and Tyndall. Faraday's was one of the most devout and religious minds that ever adorned humanity. But it seems hardly possible for Professor Tyndall to write a book without revealing characteristics the very opposite to those of Brewster and Faraday—without using remarks that attack the most devout and cherished convictions of the majority of religious men. We refuse to bring religion into any antagonism with science—under no circumstances can truth be really antagonistic to truth—and have refused to discuss the alleged heterodoxy of such men as Mr. Darwin and Professor Owen. Therefore it is that we feel more at liberty to protest against Dr. Tyndall dragging into his writing attacks on the doctrine of Providence and prayer. The feud between science and revelation is virtually set at rest except for those who seek to foment every possible discord; and scientific men are more and more realizing the aspirations of the great father of experimental philosophy, that 'there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's.'

#### SEMI-THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

There is no more remarkable sign at the present day than the immense abundance of semi-theological, quasi-religious works. Even the 'Times' will admit long letters on ecclesiastical subjects, long reviews of ecclesiastical works, and sometimes comes out with leaders of

a mixed funny and ecclesiastical character. The most formidable rival of the sensational novel is the volume of sensational theology. Books of popular divinity are also sold in editions of tens of thousands. Religion has become fashionable, though perhaps it is open to doubt whether it is quite as religious as it used to be. People who, in former days, would have set the whole subject aside as being entirely beyond the province of polite life, now take it up as a matter of conversation; and at one time there is a rage for theological science, as at another time there is a rage for some kinds of natural science. Many secular subjects are now treated religiously; and from time to time there are now issued from the press books of a semi-theological character in which things secular and things theological are mixed in varying proportions.

Some time back the Congress of the Archaeological Institution was held in London, and a volume of papers read at the Congress has been lately published.\* London is peculiarly rich in archaeological subjects, and last year was a memorable one in the annals of the Institute. Mr. Beresford Hope, who, with great appropriateness, took the chair, said there was a crying need that the architectural topography of London (of which so many precious examples are daily perishing) should receive a really intelligent and learned examination. He said that London's 'veritable High Street, from Notting Hill to Stratford-le-Bow, is a continuous though curved line of houses, or of town-made park, some ten miles long.' A semi-theological character is given to the work by a sermon which Dean Stanley preached before the Institute in Westminster. The Dean lately denied the use of the Abbey to a large assemblage of English and colonial bishops; but he found no difficulty in handing it over to an assemblage of archaeologists. His sermon constitutes the first of these 'papers read at the London Congress;' eloquent, in-

\* \* 'Old London.' Papers read at the London Congress, July, 1866: Murray.

genious, powerful,' and we might add humorous, as when he says that 'it might have been supposed, from the language of those who revived these archaeological studies thirty years ago, that Gothic architecture was one of the cardinal virtues.' Macaulay's irrepressible New Zealander, in whom we have not the least belief, crops up again in the rather weak paraphrastic version: 'That often-predicted prospect which future generations may view from the broken arches of our stateliest architectures over the ruins of our noblest churches.' In this manner Dean Stanley says grace over the feast which the antiquaries, most of them being of the Dryasdust order, have laid before us. Mr. G. G. Scott's paper on the Chapter House, and Professor Westmacott's paper on the Abbey Sculpture, continue partially to preserve that semi-religious character of which we spoke. It was said of Sir Joshua Reynolds that his pictures were books, and his books pictures; but we cannot say of our great architect, Mr. Scott, that he has much literary affinity with the great painter.

Mr. George Gilbert Scott concluded his paper with a reference to Dean Stanley's promised 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' which, he said, would contain 'many most interesting facts relating to the history of the Chapter House, the uses to which it has been devoted, and the scenes which have taken place within its walls.' Accordingly Dean Stanley has now published the 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey.\*' As he has gained the most enviable post a literary divine can occupy, unless he is so ill advised as to accept a bishopric hereafter, and that, too, in the greatest cathedral of all the cathedrals with which he has been connected, his work on the Abbey ought to be the culmination of the semi-religious literature which he has produced. That the language and style are perfect, in the purely literary parts of the work, is a matter of course. In word-painting,

\* 'Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.' By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France: Murray.

and in the happy art of historical allusion, Dean Stanley is inferior to Macaulay alone, and there are many who will not allow the inferiority. But a great deal of history of an obscure kind, and difficult archaeology, are connected with the Abbey, and the department of special research is not that in which Dean Stanley has rendered himself pre-eminent. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that students of early English history are altogether dissatisfied with his treatment, and the fear that a really exhaustive work on the Abbey yet remains to be written.

A biography has just appeared of a man who, in power of magnificent oratory, was one of the foremost Englishmen of his day, and who well deserved a worthier commemorative biography.\* Curiously enough, we find Mr. Stowell writing from the deanery of Westminster, and discussing the Abbey and its dean. 'I am here staying with Dean Stanley. I preached last evening to a magnificent congregation in the Abbey, and was, I trust, enabled to speak boldly, as I ought to speak. I have had much highly interesting, but not quite satisfactory discussion with Dean Stanley. . . . Dean Stanley and I had two hours' discussion on Sunday night, after my sermon in the Abbey, and he yielded one or two important points.' Stowell was an eminently good man; a man who had a political position in Manchester, and one who understood, and was understood by working men in Manchester at the time of the cotton famine. His friends will praise the Memoirs; but it is so totally destitute of literary merit, that we cannot hope it will attain the least degree of popularity with the general public. Under the curious title of 'Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets,'† Mr. E. P. Hood has brought together a huge volume on the subject—a somewhat dry one—of sermons, which is appro-

\* 'Memoirs of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.' By the Rev. W. Marsden, M.A.: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

† 'Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.' By the Rev. E. P. Hood: Jackson, Haldie, and Co.



privately treated in a heavy, sermonizing way. If we might be allowed a juvenile expression, suggested by Mr. Hood's title, we would venture to say that he is himself a little pitcher who has got long ears. He has eagerly caught up and retailed every story he has heard. He is, from one point of view, a sort of ecclesiastical Joe Miller, and gives us a large number of anecdotes current in the circles of the Dissenting ministers, some of which are amusing enough, but can hardly be quoted by us without irreverence. We notice with surprise that there is no hint of a hard theological training being necessary for an effective pulpit training, but the fluent speech and oddity seem the great necessities. A medium work of an interesting character is 'Springdale Abbey.\*' It is one of that class of books with which the public is familiar—mixed narrative, dialogue, and disquisition. There is a great deal of genuine humour in the work, and, at the same time, the author is thoroughly and religiously in earnest: an excellent example of semi-religious literature. The main subject handled is the relation between Church and Dissent, and we thoroughly approve of the candid, genial, catholic way, as excellent as it is rare, in which the author writes. Such works make hopes of union possible. The work of Lord Justice Sir William Page Wood, on the 'Continuity of Scripture' (Murray), is not exactly a semi-religious work, inasmuch as it is entirely devotional. It consists of a collection and analysis of texts, with original preface and postscript. Some of the Lord Justice's remarks on the so-called 'higher criticism' are redolent of the English judge. 'Assuming the learning to be profound and accurate which has collected the materials for many such critical performances, the logic by which conclusions are deduced from these materials is frequently grievously at fault, and open to the judgment of all who may have been accustomed to sift and weigh evidence.' Such language, also, as the

\* 'Springdale Abbey: Extracts from the *Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher*.' Longmans.

following is not without a touch of sarcasm, and its moderate and judicial tone may well be recommended to the attention of controversialists. 'Our only feeling towards opponents should be that of a real desire to believe them sincere, though grievously erroneous in their opinions, and a consequent hearty wish for their being rendered capable of the happiness which we ourselves experience in believing. . . . Those who feel themselves wanting in self-control had assuredly better avoid all occasions of controversy, and the reading of controversial works.' It is both gratifying and interesting to find a great judge thus devoting his well-earned leisure to the enforcement of the highest truth.

An extraordinary volume of sermons, at least in one point of view, is that just published by the Archbishop of York,\* a see generally occupied by some stately dignity of the grand and quiet style, but which witnesses great physical and intellectual activity in its present occupant. We should hardly feel ourselves called upon to notice any volume of sermons, but Dr. Thomson is a man who, in a very intense kind of way, realizes the literary and social life of the present day; and a glance at the list of occasions on which these sermons were preached demonstrates this very clearly. Thus we have sermons before his university, and before different societies, and in various cathedrals; a sermon preached at Wimbledon before the National Rifle Association; a sermon before the Social Science Congress, and another before the Church Congress; sermons before the Queen and Prince Consort; and sermons before working men; and really very much the same kind of sermon is preached before the one audience as before the other. And the Archbishop never plays with a subject, or handles it after the method of a 'neat allusion to the audience, on the circumstances

\* 'Life in the Light of God's Word.' Sermons, by William, Lord Archbishop of York: Murray. (We should observe that some of these sermons have already been printed in another volume; a fact which ought to have been mentioned.)



that belong to the delivery of the sermon; but the Archbishop deals with his subject in a thoughtful, argumentative way, both with a good deal of logic and a good deal of rhetoric. We have heard it said that a sermon is the next difficult thing to a poem; that a sermon ought to possess the completeness and the fused thought and feeling of a poem. We can only say that the people who expect this must be a very sanguine sort of people. We may say that there is a good deal of poetic imagery in the Archbishop's language. For instance: 'But if unity has been lost, truth has been preserved to us. And this is our consolation. If the Church be not the great Ocean, vast, bright, fresh, a counterpart of the blue heaven above it, *still she is like the hundred lakes that nestle among the sheltering hills; they know not each other, but every one of them reflects, and truly, the firmament above.*' Again; the following lines are striking, especially as preached before the late Prince Consort and the late King of the Belgians:—'God has placed us upon this narrow island of beings, with the waters of eternity all around us; and every inch of ground is more precious to us than gold or rubies; for, as our dealings with time are, so our share of immortality shall be. The night cometh, and it shall overtake the thinker before he has matured his discovery, and the ruler in the midst of plans of order and improvement.' There is almost something prophetic in such words.

#### NOVELISTIC MORALITY.

It is not very often that I indulge in novel-reading. I like very much to take up a novel for a quarter of an hour after breakfast or dinner, and ordinarily find that it acts very much as smoking affects most men—as a gentle sedative or a gentle stimulant. Generally I always get my novels from the same hand. I half persuaded myself that I keep a literary man, and his name is Trollope, and that it is the aforesaid Trollope's great duty to furnish me with fiction. Upon the whole I find that this es-

timable purveyor can furnish me with novels just as fast as I can manage to read them. He accordingly does all my novel business for me; and I have no intention of turning Trollope away in favour of any other novelmonger, while he provides me with the pleasant warms that amuse without excitement or fatigue.

If I look at other novels, it is not that I read them *quâ* novels, but to gather up what the writer has to tell me about himself, to examine any theory of life and manners which the pretended novel may set forth, or its independent value as a contribution to thought. Mr. O. W. Holmes's stories, for instance, as exemplified in his 'Guardian Angel,' are not so much novels as psychological stories. The worst of Trollope is, that he has contracted a bad habit of doing business by way of monthly instalments; whereas I like to deal with his fiction not in chips but in the block, and I confess that during this period of interregnum, while the numbers are coming out, I look at other novels.

I have thus been looking at Mr. Shirley Brooks' 'Sooner or Later.' Mr. Brooks' contributions to 'Punch' are always good, particularly his 'Violet' and 'The Naggleton.' That part of the story which most resembles the 'Punch' contributions are best, such as the description of club life, literary and theatrical life, and also the dialogue, though almost manneristic from being cast in a particular way, and distinguished rather by verbal than by real wit. But the plot of the story is exceedingly weak, and its morality appears to be detestable. Mr. Shirley Brooks is a man so widely known and liked among literary men that it would be impossible for him to produce anything, however weak and unworthy, without a full-volumed chorus of admiration. If there is a 'conspiracy of silence' there is also a conspiracy of noise. In the present day it is quite possible to force a work which has no conspicuous merit into very conspicuous notice.

I do not deny that Mr. Brooks' story has conspicuous merit—very

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far indeed from it—but I speak now of its radical defects. The plot is exceedingly slight, nothing more than could be contained in a newspaper paragraph. It is instructive to compare Mr. Brooks' treatment of his heroes and his villain. The villain is Dudley, a precious rascal indeed, who endeavours to trade upon a secret affecting a lady's reputation. It is to be observed, however, that Dudley honestly, though mistakenly, believes that he has a real and unanswered case against the lady, and his offence, one of a sufficiently deep dye, is that he seeks to traffic on it. But he is not such a rascal as the fine and interesting character who blows out Dudley's brains at the end of the work. Neither is he, to our point of view, such a rascal as that unheroic hero of the work, Mr. Ernest Dormer. Mr. Dormer keeps an establishment called 'The Hut,' which boasts a lady, an 'improper' person, but one who is true to him and loves him devotedly, and is the mother of his children. Mr. Dormer makes some provision for her, but for all he does, she may go to the bad and her children after her, while he himself marries a good country girl, without any affection for her, that he may get money and settle down in life. That the slightest breath of imputation or disgrace should rest upon his honour is a thing intolerable, but the deepest wrongs of a certain sort are only the amiable amusements of the stronger sex; and we are given to understand that this is a sufficient morality by which the world may be held together and go on.

It is said of Mr. Brooks, and with considerable truth, that he faithfully photographs the society to which he belongs, and of which he is, doubtless, an ornament. He certainly shows the false honour and selfish maxims that belong to men of a certain type. We are told that he faithfully shows us the world, especially the world of club-life. Mr. Brooks is accurate enough in his description of men at the 'Octagon,' although we entirely question if clubmen talk as cleverly as he talks; but for all that he does not appear

to know, or, rather, to reproduce, very much of the best men in the best clubs. We altogether deny any meaning to the phrase, when it is said of a man that he 'knows the world,' when he is acquainted only with the most worldly part of it. As well might a rat call his rat-hole a world! As well might one hold up a distorted and diseased limb in lieu of the wonderful human figure. The world means the thought, energy, endeavour, science, knowledge of the world, with its noblest men and women; and to take a set of Londoners, who, to give them their due, are gentlemanly, well-bred, and true to each other, amid all narrowness of mental vision and sensuality of life, and to hold them up as the representatives of the best men and women of a glorious world, is to prefer gas to sunlight, tea-gardens to forests, masks to faces, the rattling of tin to heaven's 'live artillery.'

## DAVID GARRICK.\*

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has certainly given us two sumptuous volumes on the life of Garrick. It is true that there is a vast amount of Garrick biography in the world, and, owing to his curious habit of preserving every scrap of writing, the supply of Garrick correspondence is almost illimitable. That question of letters, whether it is best to preserve them all, or to destroy them as fast as they are done with, may perhaps be settled in the first way by men like Garrick, but for ordinary men the second course will be found by far the less embarrassing in the issue. The influence of Garrick was so real and enormous that we should not charge Mr. Fitzgerald with mere bookmaking if he had only reproduced once more the details of a life of almost unexampled energy and prosperity. Such a story, fruitful of morals, is well worth telling almost to each generation afresh, according to the mode most acceptable to each

\* The Life of David Garrick; from Original Family Papers, and numerous published and unpublished Sources.' By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. In 2 vols. 1868.

generation. But Mr. Fitzgerald has imported into his pages much matter that is either absolutely new, or practically new, since drawn from books with which the reading public has long dropped any slight acquaintance it may have once possessed. Amid the very numerous facts here collected it might not be difficult to correct some inaccuracies. But on the whole, the author has done his work creditably, and has written it thoroughly *con amore*; but he manifestly holds a brief for Garrick, and on every controverted point he upholds his hero with a most absolute reliance, and is ready to do fierce battle on his behalf with any one who attacks his veritable Idol of the Theatre.

The first part of the first volume is charmingly written. Mr. Fitzgerald brings into relief the Huguenot descent of the Garricks, and the early fortunes of the family in England. It is long since we have read anything so touching as the account of the tender affection which Garrick's mother bore her husband, who for many long years served away from his family on the rock of Gibraltar. Even in very early years we fully see in David Garrick the proofs of an affluent nature and a sweet and gracious disposition. There is a strong dash of personal romance about Garrick. Most of our modern playgoers have seen Mr. Sothorn's 'David Garrick,' and the drama really has its foundation in fact, and might be capped by many other dramatic incidents in the great player's life. A voyage which he made to Lisbon is a remarkable episode in which, though he turned his abilities to no practical account, he pleased his uncle and procured an opportune legacy of a thousand pounds. Remarkable, also, is the well-known episode with Samuel Johnson, when he became the great moralist's first pupil at Edial, near Lichfield, though we suspect he was not a schoolboy, but merely a private pupil, reading with one who was not much his senior. Romantic, also, was his deep attachment to the wayward Peg Woffington, the heroine of Mr. Charles Reade's story, whom he long desired to marry, in spite of

her constant infidelities. Romantic was his wooing and winning the beautiful danseuse Violetta, with her strange history and considerable fortune, who survived to the age of ninety-eight, one of the central figures of fashionable coteries. Remarkable, also, was the late grand tour and its singular episode of Parisian life.

But nothing is more remarkable than the sudden leap which he made into favour and fortune when he first turned actor at Goodman's Fields. He and his brother were in the wine trade, David taking the town agency. As may readily be imagined, the business, so far as David was concerned, was going to ruin. He constantly frequented the theatres, and was absorbed by theatrical society. Garrick was a born actor. To act was the one thing he could do thoroughly well, and he did it with an innate genius which was all his own. The town was taken by storm. All the West-end flowed to the little City theatre; for the new actor utterly discarded all conventional rant and mannerism. He dared to be natural. He made a path for himself, and was absolutely unrivalled in his unique greatness and originality. He showed in his own case that the highest genius must be sedulously aided by study. No man could have given more intense study to his parts. He never advanced an inch in his profession without carefully securing his ground. With a scorn of everything that was merely traditional, he carefully adhered to everything that was sensible and modest. He discarded every word that could hurt a modest ear. He always bore himself as a gentleman of unblemished honour and upright practical conduct. He brought his wife into the green-room to preside as a lady among ladies, and banished the insolent loungers of the *coulisses*. He discerned plainly that his genius had brought him a peculiar vocation, in which he could do good for himself and his generation. The pious Bishop Newton encouraged him, and told him that he needed no excuses for adopting such a profession, which would not hurt his character but would make his fortune. So far was he

from lapsing into any dissipated career, that a quiet cup of tea with his wife in Southampton Row, or a chat with a poor aged curate on the lawn at Hampton, were among his most delightful as his simplest pleasures. Amid the crowd of strange and varied characters with which his profession brought him in contact, Garrick moved with incomparable courtesy and adroitness. He placed the management of Drury Lane on a sound commercial basis. He desired to reform and elevate the popular tastes, and to a great extent he did so; but when he saw that the public insisted on being pleased in a particular way, instead of being impracticable he made a commercial success out of their bad taste. The result of all this was that for thirty years he attained a success as a manager which has been the despairing dream of every subsequent manager since his day, and amassed a hundred thousand pounds. Nor was this all. He infinitely raised the character of the art and the profession. He exemplified a noble sentence of Lord Lytton's, spoken many years ago at the farewell Macready dinner: 'Let but the man be the honour of his profession and the profession will be the honour of the man.' And when he died, Johnson in one of his magnificent sentences truly spoke of that 'stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.'

Thus much exhibits a career which deserves no meaner title than magnificent. But when we come to the shades and failings that belong to this extraordinary character, we are surprised at the almost total want of discrimination which Mr. Fitzgerald has exhibited. In order to exhibit Garrick as a faultless man, he has done injustice to better men than Garrick. We will venture to split a friendly lance with him on a few topics of permanent literary and social interest. It is granted on all sides that Garrick was a man of extraordinary generosity in great things; but the fact seems fully evidenced by general concurrent testimony, that beyond prudence or even a wise parsimony, he was un-

gracefully penurious in little things. Now this is a very fine style of character—the character of the man who is mean in little things but magnificent in great things. But a still finer character is easily conceivable, that of the man who is liberal in great things, but ennobles even little things by his generosity and good taste. In this respect Garrick halts. In another respect we are greatly disappointed with him. Garrick was a literary man. Many of his *vers de société* are not at all so bad. Many of his prologues are exceedingly good. Some of his epigrams are among the best in the language. Take, for instance, that on the rhyming quack Dr. Hill, who pestered him with his farce:

\* For farces and physis his equal there scarce is;  
His farces are physis; his physis a farce is;

and that immortal one on poor Goldsmith—

\* Here lies Nolly Goldsmith; for shortness called  
Noll;  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor  
Tull.

Happiest of epigrams, since it provoked the glorious 'Retaliation,' which gives the most accurate view of Garrick's character, erring, according to Goldsmith's gentle wont, on the lenient side. We observe with regret that the finest comedies which the English language produced at this epoch, the comedies of Goldsmith and the comedies of Sheridan, were not brought out under the Drury Lane management. Johnson, it is well known, frequently spoke disparagingly of Garrick; and Johnson's censure carries the more weight as he generously conceded every fine point in his friend's character, and would allow no one to abuse him but himself. But it is evident that Garrick failed to procure a full measure of Johnson's respect and regard. Mr. Fitzgerald thinks that this is infinitely to the discredit of Johnson, and he applies harsher terms to the great moralist's moral principles than we have ever elsewhere seen. We know, however, nothing of Johnson's life and conduct to warrant the suspicion that he was envious of that great renown and prosperity. He has

himself expressed his opinion of such prosperity in the phrase *Non invideo, miror magis*. But we look in vain for any evidence that Garrick acted the part of a true friend towards Johnson. Those were weary and anxious years during which Johnson was fighting a hard and cruel fight with the world, while Garrick was accumulating wealth and forming illustrious friendships. We should have been glad to find Garrick forcing an active kindness upon Johnson, and bringing the shy, rugged scholar into the society of those who would promote his views in life; but we look in vain for any evidence of this. 'He has got friends, sir,' said Johnson, 'but not a friend.' These words appear to us to describe Garrick's position very exactly. He received smiles and welcomes on every side, and was an honoured and favoured guest wherever he might be persuaded to bestow himself; but he was incapable of riveting to himself any deep, faithful, and tender heart among his friends. It is possible that Johnson's sensitiveness morbidly exaggerated Garrick's defects; but the substratum was just, and there is little reason to doubt but the breakfast between Prospero and Asper was a real representation. Another occasion which Mr. Fitzgerald cites as a remarkable illustration of the goodness of Garrick's nature appears to us to bear a very different interpretation. Johnson was preparing his famous edition of Shakespeare, the preface to which is one of the most remarkable of his productions. Garrick offered him the use of his library, which would be peculiarly useful for his friend's purpose. But going into his library, Garrick found Johnson, according to his usual habit, very busy pulling down the books and strewing the floor with them; whereupon Garrick waxed exceedingly angry. For our own part we think that Garrick acted in abominably bad taste, and without any true friendly or gentlemanly feeling. When he gave Johnson the use of his library, he did so with the fullest knowledge of his friend's character, that he was likely to handle books roughly, and not at

all disposed to like a rebuke on the subject, and Garrick ought to have been prepared for any slight unfavourable consequences which his invitation might entail. He might have known that much might be excused to so great a man engaged in so important an undertaking. He was also practically declaring that the morocco binding was a much more important object to him than the feelings or friendship of the ungainly scholar. It was just one of those occasions which tests the innate delicacy and goodness and unselfishness of a man, and by that test Garrick failed. His inordinate covetousness of the coarsest flattery would also fatally detract from any claim to greatness of mind.

All readers will be delighted with the earlier part of Mr. Fitzgerald's work, but beyond that only the limited portion of them who take a vivid and enthusiastic interest in the stage. To others the bulk of the volume will present a singular mixture of monotonousness and discursiveness. From his survey of the theatrical past Mr. Fitzgerald is able to speak with considerable authority on the present state of the drama. He complains that the stage is now given up to 'spectacles' which must run their hundreds of nights in order to be a pecuniary success, and that the genuine playgoer cannot find any fair actors or real variety. He exhorts managers to return to the old system, and assures them that it would pay. 'Managers should have the courage to go back by degrees and bring out pieces of the good old sort. That such would soon "pay" there can be no doubt (?). There should be some classification of theatres, and burlesque and "sensation" things confined to proper houses of their own, and very soon we might look for a return of those "palmy days of the drama" which seem to belong to the mythology, and find ourselves enjoying as hearty a laugh and rich entertainment at our theatres as ever audience did in the days of old Drury Lane, under the management of the great actor and no less incomparable manager, David Garrick.'

## DIARY NOTES.

I had come out of the British Museum, and was just turning into Bloomsbury Square, when a woman accosted me, apparently in the deepest poverty and distress, and detailed to me a case of great misery existing in a very low and even dangerous locality at the back of the Seven Dials. The discerning reader will perceive that what leads to the mention of this circumstance is the very remarkable chapter of accidents belonging to the celebrated Mr. Speke, which has set us all upon discovering anything that may be at all remarkable in our London peripatetic experiences. A policeman once expressively told me, I hope with only a metaphorical meaning, that the stranger who got into this locality might have all the teeth in his head drawn out. The begging woman said that she had no coal, no clothes, no furniture, and that there had just been the death of a little child in the house. I gave her the sum of one penny sterling, and I also noted down her name and address. It was a great act of weakness giving this penny, which was simply given as the cheapest way of escaping importunity. It so happened that in the course of the day I found myself not far from the address which the woman had given me, and the idea occurred to my mind that I might spend a little time in investigating the case. Archbishop Whately's celebrated saying will occur to my reader, that though he had done many things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone much that he ought to have done, he was thankful to say that he had never given sixpence to a beggar. The man who made this apparently hard speech was one who gave away thousands upon thousands with a munificence that was almost reckless. He ought, however, to have qualified his formula by the words *without inquiry*, to make it a rule really worth accepting.

In the frightful neighbourhood to which I went there was a dirty fog that might be almost carved—a dirty smell that might be almost

felt. With one or two ingenious youths of the gallows-tree order I entered into converse, and one of them told me it was his delight to go to public-houses and to see 'Jack Sheppard' acted. I accordingly gathered that that favourite domestic drama still holds its wonted sway over the juvenile mind. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, as Maro hath it, I made my way to the address which had been given me. I am bound to say, to the credit of the poor beggar, that her statement was strictly correct, and even fell short of the dismal truth. Now I feel bound to give the whole begging fraternity the benefit of this crucial instance. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Gathorne Hardy tells us, that there is an army of some forty or fifty thousand stalwart beggars, who refuse to labour, and batten on the labours of honest folk. They gratify the natural love of incident, variety, change of air, and adventure. But still there are thousands of instances where misery is concealed and unrelieved; and the overwhelming preponderance of fraudulent vagabonds obscures full consideration for them. It is not enough to say that the almsgiving of the State does all that is necessary. The State, as Mr. Ruskin well argues, being richer than any individual, ought to give its alms more liberally than any individual can give alms. So far, however, from this being the case, we all know how necessary it is to supplement public charity by private charity. I confess to a certain feeling of internal satisfaction in having tracked this poor beggar to her lair. Henceforward I will try and break through the weakness of giving alms to beggars in the street; but once or twice in a way, if the case really seems a genuine one, I will try and make a personal inquiry, and may find a case where I may appropriately bestow the little savings which the eradication of this bad habit may bring with it.

Jones came to me to-day, in some little distress, to which, however, he would be unwilling to confess. Brown had met him in the street and had cut him. He went up to



Brown, and asked him what he meant. The only satisfaction he got from Brown was the remark that a man had a right to choose his own friends for himself. Jones ought to have answered that a man certainly has a right to choose his own friends, but when once he has chosen them, he has no right to cut them without coming to the fullest explanation. Oh, those capital rejoinders which occur to us a day or two after they are wanted!

This set me thinking on the subject of cuts. I hope I have not got a quarrelsome set of acquaintance, but I remember various cases of cut among them. A dead cut is to my mind always unsatisfactory. It acts, as a penalty, so unequally. Jones was a tender-hearted man, and this cut rather made him wince. Perhaps Brown knew this, and this would make his cut of a friend of many years' standing, without any alleged reason, still more cowardly and unjustifiable. A cut may inflame really keen misery on a sensitive and generous temper, while a man of pachydermatous conscience will at once forget the annoyance among other friends. If you have anything against a friend, tell it to him; but to refuse to bring your charge, when it is demanded, seems heinous. Two social canons ought to prevail in such cases. First, have some trust and loyalty towards your friend, and when you have the well-grounded conviction that he is a good fellow, excuse at once any minor matter that may annoy you. Secondly, if you really have something serious against him, seek him out, and put the matter to him. I hardly ever knew this done but there was at once an easy explanation or an easy forgiveness.

We remember the story of the butler who laid down the broad principle that High Churchmen drink the most and Low Churchmen eat the most. I believe that it is a perfectly safe principle, and gives the real state of the case. I can cap it with the following:—A clergyman was talking with his churchwarden the other day on the mighty difference between the Church and

Dissent. 'Ah, yes,' returned the churchwarden; 'whenever I go to market, I soon find out the difference between Churchmen and Dissenters among my customers.' 'And what is the difference?' inquired the expectant pastor. 'Why, sir, if they're Dissenters they lie, and if they are Churchmen they swear.'

I have just noted a curious mistake in Dean Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey' (p. 136). He states that the Duke of Cumberland died at Monaco, and his body was transported to England. It was not the Duke of Cumberland, but the Duke of York. His decease there was one of the great events in the history of the little principality, and is fully related by the local historians.

I cannot say that I am at all satisfied with the paper on Centenarianism in the current number of the 'Quarterly Review.' It is an excellent subject inadequately handled. The author has hardly addressed himself to the real point, which is to substantiate one or more cases of centenarianism on evidence that would be perfectly satisfying to a court of law. It is most extraordinary that in this period of our history the question of centenarianism should still be a problem; one of the many instances that show us that the habit of careful observation and registration of facts is by no means widely diffused. Sir George Cornewall Lewis vehemently held the negative; it was, in fact, a point on which he was almost rabid. A single instance satisfactorily proved would be sufficient to invalidate his conclusion. The Quarterly Reviewer has failed to see that it is no object to collect many reputed cases of centenarianism, but the point is to prove any one or more cases in an irrefragable way. There are many cases in which we feel a moral certainty, but some link is wanting in the chain of proof. There are also many instances in which an extreme age is imputed; but when the reputed centenarian dies, the ascertained age is generally

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very greatly under a hundred. I myself, when I have seen alleged cases of centenarianism, have made careful inquiries; and although in at least one case I have not had the shadow of moral doubt on the subject, I am not sure that the evidence would entirely satisfy an impartial jury of my civilized countrymen. The standard case of old Parr would probably break down for want of sufficient evidence. The great argument on which Sir G. C. Lewis rested was, that no person of royal or noble birth mentioned in history ever attained that age. Still there are several instances in an order of life in which great attention is paid to accuracy of dates. The late Rev. W. Davis, an incumbent in Herefordshire, died at the registered age of 105, and this, with further evidence that might be adduced, would be sufficiently authentic. Another clergyman held his living for seventy-three years; and supposing that he obtained his living at the early age of twenty-seven, this would make him a centenarian. The late Lady Blakiston is not named, though perhaps alluded to by the Reviewer, who died only a few years ago upwards of a hundred. Dr. Ruth, the late President of Magdalen, died in his hundredth year. There is no reason in the nature of things why he should not have lived a little longer; it is not to be supposed that a hard and fast line should be drawn. I have not the least moral doubt on the subject of centenarianism, but the formal proof is often defective, and a little care, which the matter well deserves, would easily supply this as the cases arise.

Mr. John Stuart Mill appears to be making a singular collapse in political reputation. Ordinarily his party have treated him with a reverence, a veneration, an idolatry, as it were. Men resorted to him as to an Achitophel—as to an oracle of God. But now his counsel appears to have been changed into foolishness. Ireland is the question of the day, the great subject that was to have been debated on that memorable night when it was an-

nounced that another man of letters was now Prime Minister. Of Mr. Mill's pamphlet in respect to Ireland, the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' which ordinarily would follow him with the utmost devotion, honourably and emphatically says:—'Mr. Mill appears to us to be content with premisses incomplete and not always correct, to ignore indisputable and relevant but inconvenient ones, and to base a very broad conclusion on foundations framed and fitted to sustain a comparatively narrow one, in a manner which is neither logical nor philosophic.' Similarly the 'Saturday Review' speaks of him as 'the most thorough-going apostle of communism,' with a great deal more of the sharpest language in which that sharp periodical indulges. Thus the great logician, the great philosopher of the age, is charged with being both illogical and unphilosophical. Macaulay has drawn a striking contrast between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the attorney-general: Bacon seeking for truth and Bacon seeking for the seals. The contrast is just as strong between Mr. Mill in his study and Mr. Mill on the platform—Mr. Mill composing works which we may all read with intense admiration and instruction, and Mr. Mill fomenting political passions and bringing forward political nostrums. His Irish nostrum is, as he admits, of a most revolutionary character, but would by no means meet the views of those who want an Irish revolution, and intensify all the local miseries that have been caused by sutletting. I do not enter on the political question, but it is worth while to notice the decline and fall of Mr. Mill. Had he never entered Parliament Mr. Mill would have been considered one of the greatest of our national sages—one of the clearest, deepest, and most dispassionate thinkers that our country has known. And now—

This last paragraph has reminded me of an unpublished Curiosity of Literature now in my possession. Many years back an Irish Commission of Inquiry circulated a set of

queries on the condition of the poor. Some individual sent in a set of metrical answers not very complimentary to the Commission, and not exactly conveying the kind of information wanted. The answers to the interrogatories were actually printed—at least a part—for a blue book, before the character of the communication was understood and the impression erased. I give some of the queries and their answers:—

'Q. (4.) What is the ordinary diet, and condition with respect to clothing, of the labouring classes in your parish?

'A. The general diet is potatoes and point,  
For seldom, if ever, they see any joint;  
Their clothing is various, as every fool  
knows;  
Some decent, some ragged, without any  
doubt.'

'Q. (7.) What would be the yearly expense of food for an able-bodied labourer in full work, at the average price of provisions during each of the last three years?

'A. And now for this question:—to answer it  
right,  
I will send you a man with a fair appetite;  
You can feed him a quarter, and judge  
pretty near  
What would be a just average during the  
year.'

'Q. (9.) What is the usual rent of cabins without land?

'A. From one to two pounds they will promise  
to pay;  
But the landlord is glad, after two years,  
to say,  
"I'll forgive you the rent if you give up  
the key;"  
He then gets another, who acts the same  
way.'

'Q. (10.) Of what description of buildings are these cabins, and how furnished? Are they supplied with bedsteads and comfortable bedding?

'A. A cabin consists of the walls, roof, and floor;  
With sometimes a window, and mostly a  
door.

Their beds are of straw; and, instead of a  
rug,

A slip of a pig, to keep their feet snug.'

All the metrical answers are odd and rather good; but the oddest thing is that they so nearly made their appearance in the shape of a blue book.

I am exceedingly glad to see that the triennial Handel Festival at Sydenham is not to be abandoned. It was Lord Coke's famous saying

that a corporation has no soul, but I shall begin to think that the Crystal Palace Company is at least an exception, and that it has a musical and poetic soul. Perhaps that soul is Mr. George Grove, the secretary, one of the ablest and most enlightened public writers we possess, who is also the soul of another institution, the Palestine Exploration Fund. The Crystal Palace Company is now probably indurated to the unpleasant truth that by these festivals they can only command a narrow margin of profit, and may probably be debited with a decided margin of loss. But they are able to see that in reality they are doing a great work—that they are infinitely extending and instructing the musical taste of the country—and that there are large and beneficent ends to be attained by these festivals which a great public company might well seek to promote. It may be said, however, that at Sydenham there are some sorts of music which are not best suited to all sorts of hearers; that the solos are not fairly heard in distant galleries. But, on the other hand, what a full compensation is made by the massive orchestral music, the chorus four thousand strong, so wonderfully adapted to that wonderful 'Israel in Egypt,' which will be rendered at Sydenham with a breadth and fulness which hitherto has never before been attained. These festivals have been a choice delight in past years. At the time of their recurrence the gardens are in the full flush of their beauty, and the noblest landscape which the neighbourhood of London can show is seen to the utmost scenic advantage. There is no similar occasion where the noblest senses of sight and hearing can receive such deep and pure gratification, and I hope we shall do our parts in securing the company from loss, and for securing to the metropolis the recurrence of those great triennial musical festivals which have so long been the glory of some of the more favoured provinces.

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## MR. FAIRWEATHER'S YACHTING.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.'

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

A SHORT time before I disposed of the *Zephyrina*, I received a letter from Brown to say that he had at last met with a suitable vessel, a good sea-boat, strongly built, well found, and 'able to go anywhere.' Her owner had ordered her to be built two years before, without limitation as to expense, but had never taken her beyond her native river, or placed a regular crew on board of her. His intention appears to have been only to gratify his taste for the picturesque, for he had had her painted red, and moored on the water in front of his drawing-room windows. I should imagine that he had derived his ideas of beauty from the natives of Australia or New Zealand, a supposition which derives some colour from the fact that he was a merchant prince, and had given the yacht the name of the Kangaroo. Now, however, he was tired of his gaudy favourite, and being a wealthy man, was willing to part with her at a very moderate price. This suited me, and I accordingly gave Brown directions to conclude the purchase, which was soon effected. There was no one on board of her when we entered into possession, nor did any one appear to take the slightest interest in her, except, perhaps, the butler, who came down to the water's edge to drop a tear over her departure; but even he confessed that what he most lamented was the loss of the spyglass.

The Kangaroo was about forty-five tons, old measurement; but by the new measurement, which only represents half the real burden, and has not been adopted by the yacht clubs, she was only twenty-two. She contained the accommodation usually found in vessels of that size, namely, after cabin, saloon, state room, pantry, and fore-cabin. The

after cabin I intended for Emily, Arethusa, and the maid; the state room for myself; but I was prohibited from appropriating the latter by Brown, whom I found already in possession, and who asserted that the state room was invariably devoted to the captain's use, and demonstrated his right in the present case by calling my attention to the length of the berth—six feet six—and observing that the late captain was six feet two. This argument appeared so forcible that I was obliged to resign my claim, and sleep in the saloon, which was somewhat inconvenient, as my bed had to be carried in every night, and removed every morning before we sat down to breakfast.

To judge from the inventory of stores forwarded to me, which covered a whole sheet of foolscap, any one would have supposed that no possible kind of tackle could be wanting on board the Kangaroo; but I found on my arrival that, according to Brown's ideas, there was no part of her, from the deck to the spindle, in which some improvement was not either necessary or desirable. I was obliged to be firm. Brown was an honest man, and, I believe, cared for my interests; but then he was captain of the yacht, and was jealous of the honour of himself and his owner. This rendered it necessary for me to keep him constantly in check, and to bring down his lofty conceptions to the vulgar consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence. The stores which were least required appeared to have been provided on board in the greatest profusion. There were three full dinner services, and a corresponding amount of glass, sufficient for a dinner party of twenty, and filling up all the lockers, so that we had scarcely any space left; but, on the other hand, there were no cooking utensils, no water tank, and a very

\* See 'London Society,' vol. xi., p. 432.

indifferent stove. What between the rolling of the vessel, and the misadventures of the boy or cat, we did not long feel any inconvenience from the superabundance above mentioned; but I had at once to purchase an American kitchener, and a twenty-gallon tank of galvanized iron, in addition to two water-coaks. The gigs were also in an unsatisfactory state, as, indeed, boats always seem to be: these had to be renewed, and before I was ready to start I endorsed the opinion of a yachting friend, that, in fitting out, a hundred pounds 'goes like smoke.'

Several mistakes seemed to have been committed with regard to the internal arrangements of the Kangaroo; and although the exterior of the vessel was built of mahogany, the cabins were lined with deal, the painting and gilding on which required constant renewal. The lockers were made so deep, and with such small openings at the top, that it was next to impossible to extract anything out of them; and although there was scarcely any accommodation for baggage, there was in one place a large empty chamber, so remarkably situated that it was impossible to make any convenient access to it, without destroying the saloon and staircase. I entertained many projects for improving this state of things, but all of them were so unsatisfactory and expensive, that I thought it better to stow our luggage under the table.

The three men who had brought the Kangaroo from Liverpool to Swansea (and with whom Brown had agreed for ten pounds each for the passage)—an excessive amount as it appeared to me—had departed with the ten pounds in their pockets before my arrival, and Brown had engaged another crew of three men and a boy. They were men whom he knew, and had been employed in fishing and coasting vessels, which was an advantage, as they did not possess the grand ideas or idle habits of yachtsmen. They were a fine, able-bodied set of men, thorough seamen, and I felt much pleased with Brown's selection. They went severally by the names of Sam, George, Tom, and Billy. Sam was

a large, heavily-made fellow, somewhat of the walrus mould. He had been accustomed to a very rude and uncivilized state of things, and held all the amenities of life in supreme contempt. Knives and forks he despised as unnecessary refinements, and had recourse to the earlier instruments; and cups and saucers he considered only fit for chimney ornaments, requiring for his potations a capacious bowl. He was, nevertheless, a good-natured fellow, and generally wore a smile on his broad countenance; but when his anger was aroused, which it seldom was, he became reckless and dangerous, owing to which I thought it would be more prudent not to engage him for another season.

George was a man of a very different style. He had been employed principally in fishing, and, consequently, had been much on shore; and boasting some advantages in face and figure, had been the object of considerable admiration to many of the 'long shore nympha.' Being by no means an ungrateful man, he had duly appreciated their kindnesses, and did his best to repay them by bestowing extra attention upon his toilet and costume. He soon insinuated himself into Simkins' good graces, who privately told my wife that he was 'quite superior to the rest;' but, before the end of the season, the trusting maiden had occasion to change her opinion, for he one day confided to her that he was no scholar, and had the unusual barbarity to request her to write a letter for him to his sweetheart!

Tom, or old Tom, as he was generally called, was a seaman of the old school. He was a gaunt, but powerful man, with black curly hair, and such an expression of countenance that, when topped with his red yachting nightcap, he might have sat for a picture of Puck. He seldom spoke, but when he did, it was to utter some enigmatical observation, which you perceived from a certain twinkle in his eye was intended to be humorous. Viewed in profile, he resembled one of the ancient Egyptians we are represented on monuments, who

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maintain the same apathetic expression, whether seated at a festive board, or engaged in a tremendous battle. He was a man whose equanimity nothing could disturb: fair weather or foul, soft words or hard, it was all the same to him. His indifference to human affairs was something sublime. It was a pleasure to contemplate him; he seemed to diffuse serenity all around him, and yet he was not a man with whom the world had gone very smoothly. He had contended for forty years with rough waves and rougher company, and out of his scanty earnings had maintained a wife and seven children. What enabled him to preserve such calmness and complacency? What raised him thus above the vicissitudes of life, and made his red cap to stand so erect upon his head? One word explains the mystery—tobacco! He was never without tobacco in his pipe, tobacco in his mouth, and, to complete the charm, he wore a roll of it on the top of his head. Yet he was a shrewd, sensible man, weatherwise as well as witty; and his readiness was so great that Arethusa took a malicious pleasure in peeping in at him in the fore-castle, where he was generally to be seen with his little work-bag, darning his stockings, or overhauling his other clothes. Better than all, he was a religious man. He was fond of reading sermons and expositions, which he did in a loud sonorous voice. The other men made no objection to this, but at the same time considered that he had no right to interfere with their conversation, and the resulting intermixture of things sacred and profane often produced a strange, if not ludicrous effect.

Billy, the boy, who was cook, errand, and slave, was in reality better educated than any of the crew. He was an active, clever boy, who could turn his hand to almost anything, and had, moreover, a taste for music, being able to play several instruments. He was, however, generally despised by the rest, and being a youngster, was considered a fair subject for all manner of practical jokes. The commonest and least objectionable of these was old Tom's,

who, when he knew Billy was below dressing himself, or engaged in some difficult operation, would seat himself by the fore peak, and suddenly exclaim, 'Well, I never; I never did see anything like that. Is it a whale?' Upon hearing this, Billy, who had a great appetite for marine wonders, would rush up on deck, leaving everything, sometimes upsetting the kettle *en route*, and crying out, 'Where, where?' 'Where?' answers old Tom, 'why there, behind you. Can't you turn your head? Got a stiff neck?' 'I don't see it,' returns Billy. 'No, of course you don't; it's gone away now.'

Well, I never *did* see such a slow fellow in all my life.' But Billy's greatest misfortune was that he had not been originally brought up to the sea. He had been intended for a tailor instead of a sailor, and never had unlucky wight a sadder reason for knowing what a difference a single letter can produce in the signification of a word. He had not served out his apprenticeship, but the fact of his having ever been engaged in such a trade offered to the rest of the crew an irresistible temptation; and whenever he was not quite so smart in his work as they wished, he was assailed with 'Is that the way the tailors do?' or, 'Come, none of your tailoring tricks here.' This annoyed the boy, as his great ambition was to be a sailor, and he sometimes lost his temper, and retorted upon them, the result of which was that they called him a factory boy, and said they would throw him overboard, a threat sometimes actually carried into effect in the merchant service, by tying a rope round the offender's body, and towing him astern until his anger has cooled down.

Why should tailors be regarded with such universal contempt? They are certainly an industrious, and generally an ill-paid class; many of them have risen to high positions; and they have, at the present time, a powerful representative in the President of the United States. Nevertheless, there is an unconquerable prejudice against them. I remember once to have heard a touching account of a tailor's

miseries from a man whom I accidentally met with, steeped in the direct distress. He was living, or rather enacting life, in one of the wretched courts with which London abounds, and which seem never to have known the air of heaven or the light of day. He informed me that he had once been in a very different position—that of Secretary to a Mechanics' Institute, where they had a large number of members, and lectures were delivered of a high character, some of them by himself. He had certainly been educated above his position; his flowery metaphors and pedantic phrases being strongly at variance with his woe-begone countenance and scanty raiment; and as for his writing, it was so good that he was employed by all his street to write their begging letters, which I can attest were well executed, for I received several of them myself. The Institute, which was for a time so flourishing, gradually declined, owing to a want of unanimity among its members; and finally the directors quarrelled, and the whole establishment collapsed. My informant, the secretary, was, I should imagine, the greatest loser by this dissolution, for he was thrown upon the world with a wife and six children to maintain. At first he endeavoured to obtain a situation as a clerk, for he had a weakness for learned gentlemanly occupations; but finding this impossible, and being threatened with utter destitution, he was obliged to look for some employment which should suit his circumstances rather than his wishes. He happened to have a friend who was a tailor, and this was the only man that held out any hope of assistance. If he would enter that trade he could earn a livelihood, and a man should consider a wife and six children. He agreed, and for some time things went smoothly enough. He soon learned to stitch, received plenty of work and good wages, but, unfortunately, in three years his master retired, and he was again upon the world for employment. Much as tailors are despised, there are among themselves great distinctions of rank, and, as in other

cases, a man who possesses interest can obtain lucrative situations, while those who have none may labour in vain. This man was, of course, a stranger in the trade, and he consequently could only obtain work at sloop-shops, where the scale of wages was regulated by the rate at which starving men could be induced to work. He naturally found it very difficult, even with the assistance of his wife, to earn a livelihood in this manner, and endeavoured to obtain some other employment. Being still a young active man, he tried to obtain a situation as a porter, but when he presented himself anywhere, they invariably, after asking a few questions, told him that they could not employ tailors. He resolved, at last, to leave a land where a man was not a man, and to try his fortune in new countries; but on applying at the emigration offices, they informed him that they did not emigrate tailors. In despair, he resorted to the last refuge of the forlorn—enlistment; but even here, on stating his condition to a recruiting sergeant, he was told, with a heartless jest, that the Queen did not require tailors. He found he had thus unwittingly disqualified himself for almost every employment, and was obliged to place his dependence upon his failing needle. Even this last resource did not long afford sustenance; for, owing to his working eighteen hours a day on insufficient food, he was seized with paralysis in the left arm, and entirely incapacitated. He was thus, when I found him, driven to support himself by writing letters or going on errands; and, although he had sometimes to walk five miles for fourpence, he said he felt better than when he had been employed at his fatiguing and unhealthy trade.

Swansen, although on the verge of a picturesque country, in itself neither fashionable nor interesting. A labyrinth of confined streets and wretched houses, flanked by a forest of lofty chimneys, disgoring sulphurous fumes, is not very attractive. The shops were shipchanders', sloop clothiers', or publicans', and the thoroughfares resound with a dirty and dissolute rabble, in



which the women are as bad as the men. I was much annoyed at being detained in this place for more than a week, and the hotels were so indifferent that we were obliged to remain on board, notwithstanding the discomforts such a course entailed. The heat was greater than any I had ever experienced in this country, and old Tom, who had visited the West Indies, declared it could not be equalled in the tropics. We were, at the same time, moored in the half-tide basin in very impure water, and lay so low that we were excluded from any wandering breezes, which might otherwise have afforded us some relief. To crown all, we were unable to obtain a fair night's rest; for it was high water early in the morning, and the tumult occasioned by sailing vessels and steam tugs passing in and out completely banished sleep. To judge from the vociferations of captains and pilots, one would suppose that navigation was more trying to the lungs than preaching, and that a sailing master's throat must be in a worse state than a clergyman's. The storm of orders, threats, and imprecations was not only awakening, but absolutely deafening.

As we happened to be the only yacht on the station at that time, we soon became an object of interest to the passers-by and idlers about the quay. The latter class, chiefly Welsh or Irish, were accustomed to stand above us in a long line, making remarks about our rig and build, and trying to lead some of our men into a parley, and if possible into an argument, in which they were pretty sure of gaining the victory. One individual, picturesque in his raggedness and patches, amused us very much by his acuteness and information, and by a native humour so intermingled with folly, that we scarcely knew whether we were laughing with him, or at him. He was particularly communicative with regard to his domestic affairs, such as the reminiscences he usually made to his mother, and the manner in which he educated his children, which seemed somewhat original. In the course of his harangue he let fall,

among a heap of heterogeneous observations, that he was a Roman Catholic, and it at once occurred to the enterprising Simkins that she might be the means of converting him to evangelical truth; but on her attempting to give a serious turn to the conversation, he showed that he was more than a match for her in religious polemics, and gave his opinion that all religions were much the same, and that the only difference between Protestants and Catholics was, that the latter treated the Virgin Mary with more respect, and gave her 'a little bit of a title.'

Such were the attractions at the stern. At the bow Billy had found a more congenial occupation, in chaffing and exchanging language with some less versatile loafers—for which breach of discipline old Tom administered a very characteristic reproof: 'Now then, Billy, don't you get interfering with them there chaps! We shall have them heaving dirt down on the decks or something—perhaps they might be fighting characters. Don't you have nothing at all to say to them. You hamper them—give them into custody—that's the way to deal with them.' These kind of encounters, together with catching eels in the basin, and being robbed of our purses, afforded the only variety we met with during our stay at Swansea. How we longed daily for the fresh sea breezes, and how impatient we grew of the delays of tradesmen and mechanics! At last the auspicious day arrived, and everything being prepared, and the dockmen, who always expect a gratuity, paid, we left our moorings amid the good wishes and adieus of an enthusiastic, but not very respectable crowd.

We passed out among a number of large vessels towed by steam tugs; some bound for the East Indies, and some for Valparaiso. The passengers were gazing sadly and intently at the receding harbour, and exchanging last salutes with their friends on shore, who kept waving their hats and handkerchiefs until they were out of sight. It was a lovely evening. There was a light breeze, and we



made way steadily with the tide; while Brown and Billy, who were musical and had brought their instruments, enlivened us with 'Rule Britannia,' 'The days that we went gipsying,' and other inspiring airs.

We left our moorings at seven, and, as night approached, the wind sank. We were in mid-channel, and the water was marvellously calm. It had just movement sufficient to make the moonbeams quiver, and seemed like a shining atmosphere mingling with the sky. A mist gradually gathered around, and as night advanced it became so dense that we could only see a few yards.

We soon found ourselves so close alongside of a large bark that only our progress was so slow, we should not have had time to throw out fenders. Later, the air seemed alive with strange sounds, but we could not recognise any of them, save now and then the drowsy music of the fog horns. We might have imagined that we were under the spell of some great enchantress, and thought of the legends of 'King Arthur' and the 'Ancient Mariner;' but at the same time we could not but feel some uneasiness, for fogs are dangerous at sea, and we were not reassured by hearing shortly after midnight the rush of a steamer at full speed, close upon our stern.

With the morning breeze the mist cleared away, and we reached Lundy Island on the ebb tide. Lundy consists of a mass of rock some four hundred feet in height, standing at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and forming a gigantic natural breakwater against the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Like most other islands, not excepting even the Azores, it has no harbour; and vessels are obliged to lie in an open roadstead, which being on the east of the island is protected from all winds in which there is any westing. There is, however, a great difference between such an anchorage and a harbour; and Emily and Arethusa were much disappointed to find that, when we brought up, the oscillation of the vessel did not cease. After lunch we rowed to the landing-place—a little recess in the angle of

the roadstead, surrounded by lofty heights. It was strewn with pebbles, glistening from the receding tide, and in its centre stood a large wheel and pivot resting on its beam ends, something like an immense teetotum. It had once belonged to a steamer which had been wrecked on this coast, but it was now lying idly on the beach festooned with green seaweeds, and forming, as it were, the emblem of repose in a picture of island solitude. There was of course no jetty or pier of any description, and when any cattle have to be landed here, they are let down over the side of the vessel and made to swim to shore.

Ascending by a steep but tolerably smooth road, which, however, has only been lately made, we came in sight of the mansion of Mr. Heaven, the proprietor, lying in a sheltered nook, well protected from westerly winds. It would appear as though horticulture was carried on there under some difficulties, as the gardens were intersected by lofty walls to such an extent as to give them the appearance of a collection of boxes. Yet the slopes and crags of the rocks were bright with wild flowers; the scabius here wore its deepest blue; the honeysuckle exhaled its sweetest perfume. Still everything was in miniature, and such as would have delighted a Chinese: the wild flowers bloomed little more than six inches from the ground, and the foxglove seemed to suit the size of the little 'folks' to whom it is dedicated. Proceeding on our way farther, we came to a little fountain of clear water, springing, or rather dripping, from the rock beneath a mazy bower of woodbine and blackthorn; and here Sam and George might be seen any day during our visit, thrown in easy attitudes, on the grass beneath, and adding considerably to the picturesque effect, while their canoes were receiving the trickling stream. Crossing a little furze-covered valley, we arrived on the other side at the Farm-house, so called because there is only one in Lundy Island. The farmer is a Scotchman; and he and his family promised to oblige us in every matter during our stay, ac-

cept that of accommodation. That was out of the question, as there were three hundred quarrymen in the island, scarcely leaving room for another mouse, or, I should say rat. (Mice are unknown here, but the old British rat long held its ground and gave name to a promontory before it was driven out by the brown invader.) Close behind us was a large building, intended originally for the manager of the quarries, but never finished; and I thought it might have been very advantageously converted into an hotel.

On our way from the farm to the lighthouse, one of the labourers conducted us through a barn into an inner yard, to show us the place where two large skeletons, a male and a female, were discovered a few years since. The man was supposed to have been the chief of the island, or perhaps one of the Danes killed in their descent upon Appledore, for a sort of stone crown, about two feet in height, was found upon his head.

The lighthouse is eighty feet in height; the light is revolving, and being placed on the highest part of the island is visible both from the Channel and the Western Ocean. On emerging from it, we came upon the ruins of an ancient chapel surrounded by a small graveyard. We could not mistake it, for the turf beneath us was swollen into wavelets, although the rude headstones and wooden crosses, which had once marked it, had yielded to time and tempest. The site of the chapel, which was dedicated to St Anne, could be distinguished—a small oblong mound of grass-grown earth and stones; and its proximity to the lighthouse was remarkable as illustrating the fact, that long before any beacons were established by government for the charitable work of lighting the coast was performed by ecclesiastical. In the time of the Roman Church, or of the 'Romans' as the seamen have it, there was a line of chapels extending round all the coasts of England, and along the dangerous coasts in this vicinity they were particularly numerous. It was a beautiful idea that the

friendly light which warned them of danger should also remind them to look above for protection, and that the same shrine where their thank-offerings were dedicated should be the place of their habitual worship. That in very early ages it was the habit of sailors to make thanksgiving offerings for preservation from shipwreck is witnessed by Virgil, who (*Æneid*, xii. 766) speaks of its being an old custom in the time of Æneas for them to suspend their dress upon an aged and sacred olive-tree. Propertius observes that his 'offerings hang in every port;' and Horace, in his pretty chiding of Pyrrha—'a girl so fair and so deceiving'—rejoices that he has escaped with his life in the shipwreck he suffered, and adds that, now safe, he has dedicated his dripping garments and the usual representation of his deliverance:—

'Me tabula sacer,  
Votiva paries indicat uvida,  
Suspendisse potenti  
Vestimenta maris Deo.'

Such offerings are still common among the Roman Catholics; and it is probably to them the sailor owes the development of his religious feeling and the beautiful union of the beacon and the sanctuary. I should here observe, in confirmation of my opinion regarding this chapel, that its position is plainly marked on the Admiralty charts, copied no doubt from earlier plans, although I have never found it mentioned in any description of Lundy. It is said to have been the burial-place of Lord Saye and Sele, of that celebrated earl, perhaps, to whom the island belonged, and who defended it for Charles I. A little farther on the moor we were shown the foundations of a house, and a well said to have belonged to the priest.

From the lighthouse we proceeded down a steep narrow path to the battery, where large pieces of ordnance are kept, to be fired every fifteen minutes during fogs. The wind whistled so fiercely over this exposed ledge of rock that I wondered the little Trinity House cottage was not blown away. The captain who lived in it, and was in

charge of this formidable work, was a very pleasant and intelligent man. His little dwelling was alive with a family of dogs and birds, who seemed to live together on very harmonious terms. My attention was particularly attracted by a brood of choughs he was rearing, as these birds are almost extinct. The granite heights and precipices above, below, and around, with the waves dashing at our feet, presented a wild and magnificent scene; and while I was contemplating it, my guide pointed out a remarkable phenomenon in a cavern below near the water's edge. He said he called it the Giants' or the Diamond Cavern; and on my gazing intently into its dark recess, I distinctly observed a bright speck, which seemed to sparkle like a brilliant. In answer to my inquiries he said he had for a long time been puzzled by it, but having descended the rock had discovered that it was only a small pool of water, so situated with reference to a chink in the rock that the sun's rays were reflected from it at a certain angle.

We passed an uneasy night on board, owing to the rolling of the yacht, for the wind was evidently rising, and we were not sorry to be placed on terra firma soon after daybreak. We determined to devote this day to the exploration of the southern part of the island, which is geologically distinct from the northern,—being of shale instead of granite. Proceeding in a south-westerly direction, the first object of interest we visited was the Devil's Limekiln. This is a square, funnel-shaped opening in the ground, between two and three hundred feet in depth, and communicating with the sea at its lower extremity. It resembles, on a larger scale, the Devil's Frying-pan, in Cornwall, and, on a smaller, the *Creux Terrible*, at Sark; and the explanation of the phenomenon is supposed to be, that the sea, in undermining the rock, reached a softer portion of it, which fell in, and was gradually washed away. This is not the only part of Lundy which has been dedicated to a personage of very questionable character: a cleft near the

landing-place dividing Rat Island from the rest of Lundy, and through which the tide rages and roars, is designated Hell's Gate; and near it is a rugged cavern known as the 'Devil's Kitchen.' It is possible that the darkness and danger of such localities may have led to their receiving unenviable appellations; but it is worthy of remark that, in all ages, the earth and its abysses and caves have been considered to be the abodes of evil spirits. The origin of this idea is lost in extreme antiquity. In Greek mythology we find the Giants, the offspring of Earth, striving to scale the heavens, and dethrone the celestial gods. The Furies are fabled to be the children of Earth and Chaos; and Python, the serpent, also sprung from the Earth, is slain by the shaft of Apollo, the god of light.

As I was thus musing, and looking over into the 'Limekiln,' a gust of wind, sent, I suppose, from below, to chastise me for my impertinence, caught my hat, and after whirling it aloft in airy circles, sent it literally and metaphorically to the inhabitant of the dark abyss. It was one I had just had made from an improved model, with a very wide brim to keep off the sun, and it was this projection which had afforded a handle to the adversary. I had never seen a hat in a more unfortunate situation, except once, when, as I was standing with a friend on the summit of Vesuvius, an eddy seized his beaver, and precipitated it to the bottom of the crater. I was highly amused with the accident on that occasion; but I saw nothing to laugh at on this. The bystanders, however, as I returned through the village, with my hair streaming in the wind, seemed to be of a different opinion. The worst of all was that there was no hatter in the island, and I could not communicate with the yacht except at stated intervals, owing to her distance from the shore. It occurred to me to send a boat round to the bottom of the 'Limekiln,' but I was informed that it would not be safe, owing to the force of the tide round the island. My difficulty, however, was solved by my being directed to the shore,

where I was able to purchase a quarryman's cap. It had a strange appearance, but was so comfortable that I often wore it afterwards on excursions, much to the amusement of my friends.

We next visited a spot near the 'Limekiln,' where, a few years since, a Cromlech was discovered. The position was commanding, as the sites of such structures generally are, overlooking a vast expanse of water, and might have formed a fitting burial-place for some great rover or sea king. It was found accidentally. A man, in passing over this desolate part of the moor, thought he heard a hollow sound, and on the ground being opened, several upright slabs were discovered, supporting a large table-stone, eight feet by four, and fourteen inches in thickness. Some pieces of pottery also were found, and if these were, as it is probable, the remains of a cinerary urn, their presence might be considered as a proof that such structures were originally sepulchral: we can scarcely suppose a temple to have existed on Lundy at such a very early period.

From thence, passing by a chalybeate spring, we proceeded to the

south-west extremity of the island, on which rises Marisco's Castle. It stands in a very exposed position on the edge of the height, looking towards the 'Golden Bay' and Devonshire coast; and I was informed that, a few months before our visit, the wind had blown the entire roof off the building, and rendered it uninhabitable. The exterior of the keep is almost perfect; it is square in form, with a small pepper-box turret at each corner, and somewhat resembles a miniature Tower of London. The interior has been completely transformed, and consists of a court, surrounded by small cottages. Considerable remains of ruined walls and bastions stand around, showing that it was once a stronghold of some little extent. Beneath, in the cliff, is an artificial excavation, said to have been formed by one Benson, a member of Parliament, for concealing his ill-gotten wealth; but although it may have been so used, I cannot but think that it originally communicated with the castle, and was one of those tunnels we often find under ancient fortresses, by which the garrison might obtain provisions, or sally forth in time of siege.

## COUNTRY ROMPS.

**D**ISTEMPERED moralists may prate,

In tones of self-complacent sadness,

Of mankind's base, deceitful state,

Of human nature's innate badness;

What fitter sight could cynics see

Than in the sketch our artist traces,—

What healthier medicine could there be

Than that of England's childish faces?

Not children reared within the bound

Of stifling court or close-packed alley,

Whose city ears ne'er knew the sound

Of streamlets tinkling through the valley;

Who ne'er breathed pure, untainted air,—

Poor, wan, pale, little, worn-out creatures!—

With signs of early grief and care

In all their words, ways, looks, and features!

But children, whose first lot in life  
Is cast 'mid rustic bliss and quiet,  
Far from the great town's angry strife,  
Its crowd, its sorrow, and its riot:  
Who wake each morn to hear the lay  
Of birds their tuneful carol trilling,  
And sink to sleep at close of day,  
Content and peace their young hearts filling!

Simple their life from hour to hour,  
Simple their sorrows and their pleasures,—  
A few dumb pets, the hedge-row flower—  
These are their best-prized, only treasures.  
They love the flock that crops the plain,  
The buds that blossom in the meadow,  
They love to watch the ripening grain—  
To sport beneath the old oak's shadow.

Then let the cross-grained cynic gaze  
On pictures such as these before him,  
And let the sight of each young face  
To faith in human kind restore him:  
Or if he deems the full-grown man  
Must needs be selfish, bad, malicious,  
Let him allow that *Nature's* plan  
Was not to make her creatures vicious.

#### A DAY WITH THE ATHLETES.

**F**ASHIONABLE London, which dines at eight, and goes out to begin the evening at ten, must find it rather a difficult matter to be up, dressed, and down at Putney by half-past seven on the morning of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. Yet fashionable London never fails to perform the feat, be the weather what it may. Two years ago the Friday night preceding the race was wet and stormy. Towards midnight the wind blew a hurricane. Everybody said to everybody else, 'There will be nobody at Putney to-morrow but the roughs.' For once everybody was wrong. At half-past seven the bridges and the banks of the Thames were crowded with spectators, among whom scarcely a rough was to be seen. The weather had kept the delicate creatures at home. It was the smoothest crowd ever witnessed at

any event of the kind. There were smooth chins, proving that 'the hot water' had been taken up at five o'clock at the latest. (How the cooks must have grumbled and drafted all boat-races!) There were smooth tresses and carefully-adjusted chignons, putting all thoughts of night-caps in the remotest distance. (How the great army of ladies'-maids must have sworn in French at the *revue*!) There were smooth shirt-fronts, and smooth gloves, and the language was the smoothest ever heard on such an occasion. But though everybody and everything looks so very smooth and placid at the great boat-race, one feels convinced that there must have been a great deal of preliminary rough work. So perfect a calm must be preceded by a great storm. If one pair of ears could hear all the alarms going down, all the bells ringing, all the matches

being struck, all the bundles of fire-wood crackling, all the male and female voices calling, shouting, and screaming to valets and waiting-maids—if one pair of eyes could see all the desperate struggles to get into clothes, all the hasty snatches at cups of tea or coffee, all the racing up stairs and down stairs, and into my lady's chamber—what a storm of preparation would those ears and eyes be witness to! And yet there are persons, British persons, too, who still echo the saying of old Froissart, that the English people take their pleasure sadly. Would Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who take their pleasure gaily, get up at five o'clock on a cold uncomfortable March morning, and drive three or four miles to take their pleasure at a boat-race? I think not.

Englishmen, it is true, are not so frisky over their amusements as Frenchmen are, but in their own peculiar way they are quite as enthusiastic. The Frenchman simply thinks of amusing himself; the Englishman is interested in his sports from many motives. He puts money on the event; he has an appreciation of skill in sport; he is jealous for the honour of some particular champion or party. All these considerations make him a little anxious even when he is watching a game at football. This business-like business, earnestness in the pursuit of pleasure, is strikingly displayed at the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. Being a very sad Englishman, and non-muscular to a pitiful degree, I could not have believed it unless I had seen it with my own eyes.

I first saw it two years ago, when the wind and the rain prompted everybody to say to everybody else that there would be nobody at the boat-race on the morrow but roughs. Like many other pitiful persons, I went to bed quite relieved of all anxiety as to waking early in the morning. A party of athletic gentlemen had kindly offered to call for me, with a four-horse drag, at six o'clock in the morning.

As I drop off to sleep the wind is still howling, and the rain is lashing

the windows with whips of water knotted with hail. I am in a ship in the sea of dreams, tossed to and fro on the raging billows, and the captain has just told us that there is no hope. We are going down—the water is in my ears—I am struggling for life—choking!—rat-tat-tat, ring a-ring, a-ring, a-ring! Saved! I spring from my raging pillow, look out of window, and find that I have been rescued from a watery grave in the sea of dreams by the Athletic Society's four-horse drag. Neptune, who is on the box handling the ribbons, catches a glimpse of my shock head and frowns; 'What, not dressed yet? Look sharp; we can't give you more than five minutes.' I can't say I dressed, but I flung on my clothes, and finding that they were my shabby gardening habiliments, I endeavoured to give a gay touch to my appearance by putting a geranium in my buttonhole. Here is a wrinkle for broken-down swells. When your coat is thread-bare and out at elbows, stick a scarlet flower in your buttonhole, and nobody will notice the bare threads. I dare say this may be explained by a principle in optics, but I am not learned in optics. I only know—or rather feel—that a flower is full dress.

We drove round to Primrose Hill, not to gather primroses, but to pick up a comedian. I can't say what he was dreaming about when we rang at his gate, but it was evident that he also had given up all idea of the boat-race, for he appeared at the window in a nightcap. He begged for half a minute, and we gave him fifteen, that is to say, twenty half minutes, and at the end of that time pulled him into the drag by his braces, which were hanging down under his coat-tails, he having omitted to adjust them in the usual manner. Next we called upon a poet, who was dressed, not because he had got up early, but because he had not gone to bed. When he came shivering into the drag, I asked him to invoke Flora, and he said 'Flora be hanged!' and cursed himself for being such a fool as to come out on such a bitterly cold morning.

And now away we go down the



road towards Putney at a spanking rate. Neptune and the athletes radiant with health and enjoyment of the morning air, and the comedian, the poet, and your humble servant (in the prose line) sitting huddled together in a shivering tableau of misery.

Nobody at the boat-race! Look a-head, look behind, in the road, on the pavement! Hurrying pedestrians by the thousand; a long stream of carriages—the elegant landau, the natty brougham, the fast drag, the slow family coach; a cavalcade of dancing, prancing, curvetting horses, ridden by well-appointed swells and slim-waisted girls as fresh as daisies. At the sight of those girls, so sprightly and full of life and spirits, the comedian adjusts his braces, and the poet combs back his hair with fingers inked with an ode to Aurora. As for me, the prosier, I pull myself together, throw back my overcoat, and show my geranium.

'Ain't it jolly?' says Neptune, cracking the long thong which he has attached to his trident. 'Oh very,' says the poet through his chattering teeth.

Then Neptune and the athletes begin to sing

'Hail, hail, hail,  
Hail, smiling morn'

It was the poet, not the prosier, who remarked upon this that the smiling morn seemed so much inclined to hail of its own accord that it was entirely a work of supererogation to keep on invoking it.

I said just now that the power of a geranium, or other bright flower, to smarten up a seedy suit of clothes is wonderful. I will also venture to remark that the sight of a handsome girl on horseback has a wonderful effect in reviving seedy spirits. Women, when their figures are sylph-like, never look better than on horseback: which is odd, when we consider that they are condemned to hang on to one side of the horse as it were by a peg. In itself the position is awkward; and yet with a flowing habit, the neatly-fitting boddice, and the natty hat, the ensemble presented by the outline of

the rider, in conjunction with that of the horse in free action, is exceedingly graceful and elegant. Let a girl be never so plain, put her on horseback, and if she have only a good figure, she is at once transformed into a divinity.

And while on this subject I may be permitted to remark that, as a rule, women are better riders than men. They learn the art sooner, they are less timid, and at all times they are more at their ease in the saddle. Women, I think, have a natural genius for equitation. On this cold March morning I encountered, near Hammersmith, a delicate, fragile lady of my acquaintance, who had ridden all the way from Hendon, passing through the streets of London on her way. Now that is what I call the daring assurance of a natural instinct for horse-riding. Few male amateurs would have ventured on so long a ride on such a bustling occasion.

If I am pausing on the road, and gossiping about the pretty girls on horseback, it is really because I care very little about the boat-race. What can one say about any race except that they are off, they are round the corner, or past the Crab Tree; they are in, and dark-blue, or light-blue, as the case may be, has won? No single individual can watch a race through its whole course unless he is particularly favoured in his location; and on this occasion I was not particularly favoured. Owing to the many delays on the road, occasioned by the unready conduct of myself, the comedian, and the poet, and the casting of a shoe by one of the leaders, the drag did not arrive at the place of rendezvous until the crews had started. And here the cast shoe leads me to make an observation upon the danger of striving after too much. If we had been content with one horse, we should, in all probability have been in time; but aiming at doing the thing in style, and having four horses, we were late. When you drive four horses, if one breaks down the whole team breaks down. What is harness for four is not harness for three, neither is it harness for two. You must



just wait and put the whole of the too elaborate machine in order again. We were too late for the start, and too late to make a sensation among the loungers at the door of the White Hart by dashing up among them, so we scrambled off the drag, and each for himself made for the river. Whether Neptune drove the drag up to the stables, or left it in the road to take care of itself, I did not stay to observe, but plunging through the crowd by the water-side, made for a flat-bottom boat that was just leaving the shore, and speedily found myself on board a newly-tarred barge, upon which a dense crowd of people were standing up, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting 'Here they come! Here they come!'

'Help me up,' I heard somebody cry. 'Help me up, or I shall be trampled to death!' I looked down, and descried our friend the poet in a sad plight. He had incautiously sat down upon the newly-tarred deck of the barge, and was sticking there, like a fly on a 'catch 'em alive O.' Neptune gave him his hand, and pulled with all his might, with a 'heave ho!' to assist the action, and the poet came away from the deck of the barge with a noise like that which accompanies the rending of canvas. Sixteen shillings'-worth fundamentally damaged in a moment, and all the best places occupied!

'Go it Oxford!' 'Pull, stroke, pull!' 'Well rowed, Cambridge!' 'Hurrah!'

Looking through a chink in the wall of spectators on the barge, I catch a glimpse for a moment of two sets of glinting oars, going like well-regulated machines, and the next thing I see is a line of steamers leaping up with their prows in the air, like so many huge water-birds just rising to fly.

'Hold on!' somebody cries; and before we know what this order refers to, up goes the barge on a sudden swell of the waters, caused by the paddle-wheels of the steamers, and the next instant the whole of the people on board are shot into the hold like a cargo of coals. We are all tarred from head to foot; we

want nothing but feathering now. The proprietor of the barge has brought us out for sixpence a head, but he is disposed to contend that he did not bargain to take us on shore again for the same money. He retires from that position, however, when Neptune, who stands six feet two, threatens to chuck him into the river, and, with a push or two of his long oar, runs the barge ashore upon a bank of mud. Into this mud we all jump, some of us sinking up to our very knees, which suggests to certain lively members of the company to sing, as appropriate to the incident, 'Slap bang! here we are again!' with a chorus of 'So jolly, oh! so jolly, oh!' which is anything but appropriate. This was all I saw of the great boat-race; and there are thousands who go every year who see no more. We heard, however, that Oxford had won; but we should have heard that almost as soon if we had remained in town.

Our disappointment, and the glimpse which we caught of the boats, suggested two things. The first is, that a grand annual contest of this kind should take place at a more convenient hour of the day, and should be made a national spectacle, like the Derby, and not a mere occasion for settling the claims to a prize and deciding bets, like a prize-fight. A few years ago, when the race came off in the afternoon, and the road to and from Putney was alive for hours with gay equipages and streams of foot-passengers, the over-worked and under-amused people congratulated themselves that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was becoming a sort of aquatic Derby, and an annual holiday for all classes. This is what it should be—a spectacle for the people. Would it not be thought a monstrous thing if the race for the Derby were run at eight o'clock in the morning? It is true that time and tide wait for no man; but man can wait for time and tide.

The second thing suggested to me is, that the boats used in these aquatic contests are not the kind of boats in which any one would ever be called upon to perform a useful

service. They are not the kind of boats which a ship takes to sea; they are not the kind of boats used to rescue persons from shipwreck; they would not even serve to render assistance in the river. They are simply pleasure-boats, gala-day toys, playthings. Where would those silk-jacketed, blue-ribboned Oxford and Cambridge water-skimmers be in a heavy ship's boat, or life-boat, in a raging sea? Very speedily at the bottom, I suspect. Rowing silk-lined hat-boxes in white kid gloves is, no doubt, very pretty sport; but does it tend to usefulness, even in the same degree that the running of races at Epsom and Newmarket tends to sustain and improve the breed of horses?

Leaving this question to be decided by the authorities, I will go to breakfast. Scene—a room overlooking the river, at the White Hart, head-quarters of my friends the Athletes. Table spread with teacups, teapots, huge loaves of bread, slabs of butter, and a tray, rather than a dish of chops. How many sheep had been robbed of their ribs to furnish forth that mountain of chops I don't know, but I should say several. I observed that an athlete, as a rule, takes two chops on his plate at a time; about a minute afterwards holds out his plate for two more, and on the next occasion politely asks the helper to give him three to save further trouble. The White Hart, I find, is wholly devoted to athletes. The landlord talks stroke-oars, two-mile heats, high-bar leaps and hurdle jumps, as if it were his profession to do so; and brings in the refreshments as if it were not his profession to do so. The waiter hands the tea with allusions to 'putting on the pot,'—not the teapot. The pictures on the walls represent athletic gentlemen, in full suits of skin tights, running, vaulting, leaping, and rowing. The rooms are littered with silk jackets, and elastic pantaloons, and spiked shoes; the stairs are lumbered with oars and revered tillers; the bar table glitters with prize cups, and medals, and tankards; and an adjoining shed is devoted to gymnastic exercises of

every kind, and is half filled with boats and skiffs. The athletic gentlemen who constitute the Barnes Football Club have been in garrison here for months past, occupying pretty well the whole of the White Hart, and certainly the whole of their time, in athletic sports. It was something quite new to me, to see gentlemen, many of them of large means, and some of them of high birth, devoting themselves for the greater part of the year to sports requiring all the strength and endurance of the navy, and all the self-denial of the ascetic. It is their pride, I find, to be able to walk or row so many miles in a given time; to jump so many feet; to vault over a bar ten feet from the ground; and the whole object of their careful, temperate mode of living is to keep themselves in what is called 'condition.' They choose, for pleasure, the very hardest labour that the frame of man can endure. This is their rule of life:—Up at six o'clock in the morning; breakfast, and a preparatory hour in the gymnasium; then away to their boats, their jumps, and their foot-races. No eating, drinking, or smoking while the sports are going on; scarcely any refreshment until seven o'clock, when they assemble to what the romancists call 'a frugal dinner.' After this meal they devote an hour or two to reading; then to bed at ten o'clock. Their favourite books, I find, are Homer and Horace, Ovid and Virgil, in the original, for they are scholars as well as gentlemen, although the whole object of their lives is to cultivate what might be called brute strength. Their manners are singularly gentle and refined. You see a man before you, who, in his flannel jacket, hobnailed boots, and turned-up trousers, looks like a hedger and ditcher, and he comes up and salutes you with the polished grace of a Chesterfield. There is none of the haughty superciliousness of the town-lounging swell about them; and it strikes me that their polite manners and frank bearing are a result of this cultivation of their muscle, quite as much as they are a result of the cultivation of their intellects. Conscious

of every kind of power, they are as gentle as lambs. One would scarcely imagine that such rough sports were among the 'arts which soften the manners and prevent them from becoming brutal.' Yet the civilizing influence of athletic exercises is undoubted. A marvellous example in point was seen in the late Tom Sayers, who, by the influence of training, and the ambition to distinguish himself in his art, brutal as it is, was transformed from a low ruffian into a quiet, well-behaved, and, when not engaged in the prize-ring, peaceable man.

After breakfast at the White Hart, the athletes retired to 'lie down' for an hour. Shortly before twelve there entered the room, in skin-tight flashings, their loins inclosed in short breeches of blue and pink silk—I thought, to be sure, they were a band of acrobats come up from the bar to give us an exhibition of tumbling; but the next instant I recognized my friends, the athletes. The sports in the adjoining meadow were about to begin. They began shortly after noon, and were not concluded until five o'clock; and during this time—often in a pelting rain—the gentlemen athletes walked and ran, and jumped and vaulted, and performed feats of strength and endurance, such as I could not have conceived it possible for human limbs to compass, or human muscles to endure. One of these remarkable feats was a race of two miles, the competitors running the whole distance without pause. But the last feat was the most wonderful of all—a steeple-chase of one mile, twice round, over six hurdles, and a water-jump of fourteen feet wide. When I first saw the water-jump, I laughed in scorn at the idea of any man clearing it. The visitors remained to the end in the full confidence that they would have the

satisfaction—how keenly the ladies anticipated the mischief!—of seeing every runner go splash into the pond. They were not altogether disappointed in their wicked expectations, for three or four of the athletes did fall in; but two gentlemen cleared it both times, after jumping over six hurdles. But those who came to grief were not at all discomfited. Almost in an instant they scrambled out of the mud and water, and ran on again as if their very lives had been at stake. One gentleman who was expected to do great things, did not do great things.

'I know'd it!' said the trainer; 'I know'd the moment I saw him this morning, he'd been up to something that he oughtn't. It was no use telling me that he hadn't, for I saw it in his look, and I found it so; for when I put him in the scale, he was three pounds heavier than he was yesterday.'

And what do you think the athlete had been 'up to?' What was his great crime against the rules which regulate 'condition?' Why, he had taken three glasses of wine! Another athlete had damaged his running by imprudent indulgence in tobacco. I was told that an athlete, by merely taking a glass or two of wine or beer, has been known to make four pounds of flesh in four-and-twenty hours.

I could not help admiring the strength, the courage, the endurance, and the self-denial of these gentlemen in the pursuit of their favourite sports; but it struck me most irresistibly they were all steadily and surely killing themselves. Well, it is at least more noble to kill oneself in pursuing the manly sports of the field or river, than in the demoralizing pleasures of the night haunts of town.

A. H.



## EXPECTATION.

WHAT love-light trembles in thy violet eyes,  
 Mabel mine,  
 That hope's bright diamonds within  
 Their blue depths shine?

Why dreamily doth a fair maiden sit  
 Thus oft alone?  
 Why tender expectation make  
 Her brow love's throne?

Sure some soft spell must linger in the death  
 Of autumn day,  
 Whilst the red glow into grey twilight pales,  
 Then fades away!

What if a *footstep* through the wooded walk  
 Makes eager tread,  
 Whose bounding music in thy beating heart  
 Is answered?

'Tis *his*! Ah, well! I would not lightly break  
 Thy confidence;  
 Nor tell thee roses still may hide a thorn,  
 Though sweet to sense.

No! rather let the dear illusion last  
 Whilst yet thou art young,  
 And yet sweet butterfly canst sport  
 Thy flowers among.

And if they fade—as fade perchance they may—  
 A scent divine  
 Shall hang on their dead blossoms in old age,  
 Mabel mine!





EXPECTATION.

Drawn by the late M. J. Laussan.

## NEVER SAY DIE.

NO, not while there is a shot in the locker. No, not even when the last shot is expended. No, for the enemy also may have expended his last shot—outrageous fortune may have no more slings and arrows left. Many a man has committed suicide in despair at a time when, had he borne life but a few days longer, he would have found abundant reason to hope. Many a man has given up his life passively and silently when one struggle more might have saved him, one cry have brought him aid: many a man, lost in a snow-storm, has allowed his heart to sink, and has laid himself down to die, when he was now close to the shelter and succour of a house. Many a man—but, instead of preaching, let us point our moral by a tale, one unadorned, except by being true.

François de Cville was a country gentleman, of Normandy. He began life strangely; his mother died before he was born. He was brought into the world by the Cæsarean operation. His tenacity of life thus manifested itself from the very first, that operation, a rare one, being seldom performed successfully. Never say die.

Cville, grown to man's estate, and being a Protestant, enrolled himself among the Huguenot defenders of Rouen, when, in 1563, the old Norman capital was besieged by the forces of Charles the Ninth. One day towards the close of the siege, while fighting bravely at the Porte Saint-Hilaire, of which gate and its defences the besiegers had gained temporary possession, he was wounded in the right jaw by a shot from an arquebuse, and fell. The enemy driven out again, his body was found by his own party; and as he gave no sign of life, they buried him, hastily, with several others, on the spot. This was at noon.

At night-fall, active hostilities being over for that day, a faithful servant of his, whom he had left in his quarters, the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont, a friend apparently of the Cville family, grew

uneasy at the prolonged absence of his master and went in search of him. History has preserved this trusty man's name; it was Nicholas Labarra. He made inquiries of Cville's comrades, and on learning the poor gentleman's fate from them, and where he lay interred, resolved at all events to recover his remains. Arrived at the Porte Saint-Hilaire, he removed as well as he could the slight covering of earth that had been shovelled over the slain, and narrowly examining their faces one by one, came at last on that he sought. But so disfigured were the features that even fidelity like his failed to recognize them: he shovelled back the earth again, and was on the point of retiring. Luckily, as he turned away, he observed a hand still exposed; and, fearing that it might attract the prowling dogs, his good feeling prompted him to turn and bury it out of their sight. At that moment the moon shone out and caused something on the ground to sparkle brilliantly. And, stooping down, Nicholas perceived that it was a diamond ring on one of the exposed fingers—his master's ring. His devotedness and piety were thus at last rewarded, so far at least. Never say die.

Once more he disinterred the body. Upon a close inspection, he fancied, nor was it only fancy, that his master still breathed. With a new hope he laid him across the horse he rode, and so conveyed him to a church which had been turned into an hospital, the church of Sainte-Clair, not now extant. There, however, the surgeons—there were strange surgeons in those days—would do nothing for such a patient, alleging that it was useless. The man was dead, or ought to be.\*

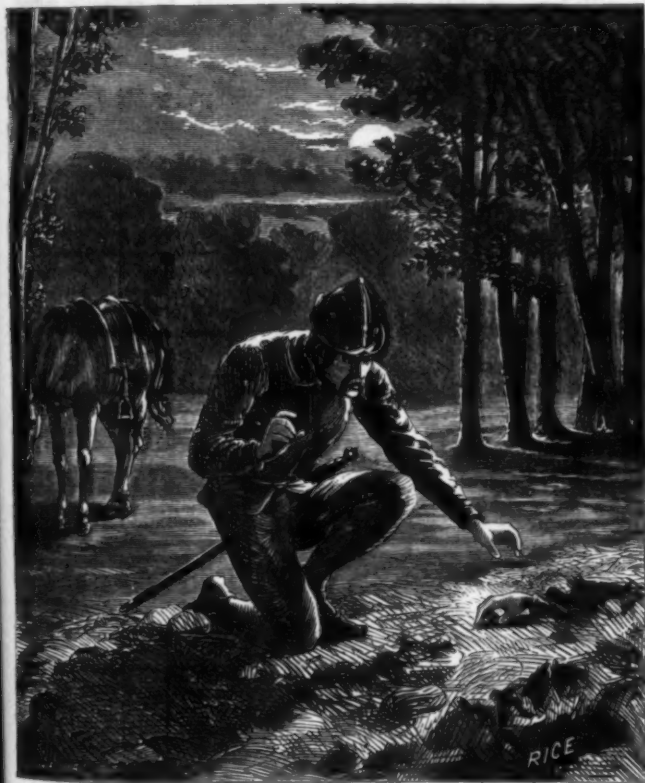
\* French surgery, now so justly famous, was scarcely in existence before that period. It may be said to have begun with Ambrose Paré, who was surgeon to Henry II. and the three succeeding kings, his sons. Paré, by the way, was a Huguenot, and in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had his life spared expressly because of his science.

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But never say die still thought the persevering Nicholas, unshaken by this repulse from the wise men; and, still hoping, he carried his immense charge home to the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont. There the wounded man lay five days and nights without eating or drinking, and indeed still altogether insen-

sible. But some friends of his being brought by Nicholas to see him, and finding that he certainly was still alive, they took counsel together, found the surgeons, and persuaded them to visit the sufferer; and these worthies, thinking perhaps that his recovery without their intervention might discredit their pro-



fession, consented at last to exhibit their skill. And, thanks to their efforts (or in spite of them), Civile was in a few days out of danger. Never say die.

A few days more, however, and the town was taken. Now, amongst the royal party were some private enemies of a brother of this Civile.

They, seeking that brother's life, searched the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont for him. And not finding him they basely revenged their disappointment on the helpless Francis; they threw him out of a high window into the street. But yet again, never say die. As he had before owed his life to a diamond,

so now he was to owe it to a dunghill: a heap of that description had been formed under the window, and so his fall was broken, instead of his bones.

Here again, for the space of three days, Civile lay without meat or drink. At last, however, a friend of his, named Croisset, discovered him, and contrived to have him secretly borne out of the town to a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. In that refuge he was allowed to recover in peace. And his recovery was so complete that he lived for forty years after. Never say die.

The whole story is told, and much more circumstantially than here, by several authors of credit, amongst them by De Thou, in his 'History of his Own Times;' nay, Civile himself wrote an account of what he

calls his 'Interments and Resurrections.' A portrait of him exists; it represents him as being of an almost corpse-like paleness.

So much as an illustration of our text. François de Civile, however, did die at last. Yet how? At the age of eighty, he fell desperately in love with a fair lady, and sought her in marriage. One night, a frosty night, he gallantly sallied out, and serenaded her under her window. He caught cold, sickened, and so ended. She, doubtless, had laughed at the obstinate attachment of so venerable a suitor. But evidently 'Never say die' was still his motto, and it is quite possible that but for that fatal cold a triumphant wedding might have justified his confidence.



## LILLABUTTI, THE NEW BENGALI DRAMA.

THE educated natives of Bengal are passionately fond of dramatic representations. Hindú dramas were acted chiefly in Sanscrit, probably long before the Christian era. But Sanscrit has for ages been a dead language, and no buildings were erected and set apart for theatrical representations, the plays being usually acted in dancing-halls attached to palaces, or in the court-yards of spacious mansions, and, in fact, these plays were acted only on solemn and public occasions, not ordinarily, frequently, or regularly. Costume was observed; theatrical properties, such as seats, weapons, thrones, and cars were largely used; and female actors appeared; but still the rarity of the representation, and the fact of the plays having been recited in a dead language, unintelligible to the mass of the people, must have prevented the drama being popular. The two greatest Hindú dramatists, Kálidása, the Indian Shakespeare, and Bhavabhúti, appear to have written only three plays each. It is true these plays took a much longer time in acting than ours, some of them extending to ten acts; and this may possibly account in part for their paucity, and for the rarity of their representation.

It is evident, then, that, in their modern patronage of vernacular plays, the native gentlemen of Bengal are creating a national drama; and several such plays have appeared of late years in Calcutta, and have been acted there—evinced no inconsiderable skill and ability in their composition.

There are some old Hindú plays without love in them, but the modern Bengálí plays are generally full of love, and many of them give us a better insight into the inner life of the zenana than books professing formally to describe it. The prelude, with which the Sanscrit plays usually opened, similar to the Prologue of the plays of Euripides and Plautus, and to the Induction of our old English comedies, is now almost invariably disused, and the

modern plays are evidently modelled after those of Europe, retaining however, in their inner life, in their incidents and dialogue, all the characteristics and individuality of Bengálí life.

Babú Dinobundú Mitter is one of the most popular writers of Bengálí plays in Calcutta; and I purpose to give an account of his last drama, 'Lillabutti,' in order to show what are the workings of the educated native mind of India in these days, and the kind of life portrayed and represented in their dramas. We often hear it remarked how little we understand the Hindús. The fault is our own. Our fellow-countrymen in the East have ample opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with them. The educated natives of the great provincial towns are willing, nay anxious, to join us in friendly social intercourse. In every intellectual career—the bar, literature, education—they have worthily proved themselves equal to the foremost nations of the great Aryan race in Western Europe. The time has gone by when the Anglo-Indian officials could venture to pooh-pooh their pretensions to equality; and it is the duty of England to make herself acquainted with the prevalent ideas and the aspirations of her hundred and twenty millions of subjects in the far East.

But to return to 'Lillabutti.' I propose simply to give an account of the plot of the drama, exactly as it is, without hiding its defects or exaggerating its merits—neither extenuating aught, nor setting down aught in malice. In translating poetry from a foreign tongue, so much depends upon the art of the translator—a happy word introduced here, an idea suggested there—that the reader of the translation can never be sure he is reading exactly what was written in the foreign tongue, and this remark applies particularly to translations from Oriental languages. But in giving a simple account of the plot, an account literally and exactly true, we may be sure that we shall find

in it something of the original—its peculiar flavour, its individuality.

Nodar Chánd is the villain of the piece. His cousin Hem (pronounced Haim), a respectable, but weak-minded man, is an admirer of the brilliancy of Nodar Chánd, who, as the proprietor of one of those smoking hells, the bane of the East, in which opium is largely supplied, has a certain *éclat* amongst the inhabitants of the village, Serampore, in which they reside—particularly amongst the faster portion of the population. Nodar Chánd is of the highest caste, a Kúlin Bráhma. He has heard that Hem's wife has a cousin of hers, daughter of a Kúlin Bráhma, and a girl of great personal attractions, Lillabutti by name, residing temporarily with her, and, contrary to the etiquette of Hindú life, he is anxious to see this beauty.

The play opens with a conversation between Nodar Chánd and the weak-minded Hem, in which the former vehemently asks, 'Will't show me the girl? will't show me?' Hem does not wish to oblige his friend in this matter, particularly as Nodar Chánd's profligate conduct and character are so well known to him. But he yields at length to the impetuous wishes of his friend, and goes off to arrange the matter with his wife, Shároda Sándori. In her presence Nodar Chánd is to have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with her cousin, Lillabutti.

Shároda Sándori is a young and handsome woman, who laments the influence that Nodar Chánd has over her husband, and who has often remonstrated with him about it. She has discarded the superstitions of the vulgar Hindú faith, and has adopted 'the holier and more rational faith of the Bráhma Somáj.' This faith is supposed to be based on the monotheistic system of the earlier hymns of the Vedas, and is, in fact, a theistic religion that has borrowed its dogmas from unassisted intellect, and its morality from Christianity. It is a curious and interesting circumstance, that, in the literature of young Bengal, the worthiest and most attractive characters are constantly those who have renounced the gross polytheism of vulgar

Hindúism; and this remark applies as well to the romance as to the drama of modern Bengali literature.

Shároda Sándori, although a Bráhmīna—that is, a female disciple of the Bráhma Somáj—has not dared to attend the religious meetings or worship of the reformers, because her husband will not accompany her. He is absolute lord, as well over her home as over her faith. She will not even go to heaven except in his company. If he will go the other way, she will go with him. When a friend asks her why she does not speak to her Brahmin friends, like other Bráhmīnas, with face unveiled, she replies that her husband has not sanctioned her so doing, and in his absence she will avoid all society of which he would not approve. She disapproves of Hem's intimacy with the profligate Nodar Chánd, and deprecates the influence for evil which Nodar Chánd exercises over her husband. She has even remonstrated with the latter on the subject, but any condemnation of him on this account, from other lips, is indignantly repelled and silenced by the loving and devoted wife.

Hem then, having promised Nodar Chánd that he should see and converse with Lillabutti, goes to his wife's apartment in order to prepare her for the interview. Shároda Sándori remonstrates with her husband as to the course he is pursuing. His intimacy with Nodar Chánd has already been injurious to him, and will he now violate the modesty of his nearest and dearest female relatives by introducing so notorious a profligate into the apartment of his wife? The conversation between the modest, enlightened wife, and the weak-minded, overbearing husband, not yet hardened into a villain, is well sustained. The wife will by no means submit to receive Nodar Chánd, or to converse with him, until Hem threatens to inform Nodar Chánd's mother of all that his wife has said against her son. Now Nodar Chánd's mother is the aunt of Hem, and Shároda Sándori is thrown into a wild state of alarm, almost inconceivable to us, by this threat. The Hindú daughter-

in-law is so completely the slave of her husband's relatives, his female relatives, until she has borne him a son, that she will well-nigh do anything rather than quarrel with them. By means of this dastardly threat, Hem triumphs over his wife's opposition, and she consents to converse with Nodar Chánd, as he desired. So invincible is her repugnance to the man, however, that no sooner does she hear his footsteps without than she draws her veil closely over her face.

Nodar Chánd, after the interview, becomes the affianced bridegroom of Lillabutti, and waits impatiently for the time, not far distant, that is to make her his.

Lillabutti's father, a Bráhmaṇ of the highest caste, had lost a son and a daughter curiously some years before. The son had been married, and returning one evening to his wife's dimly-lighted apartment, had found her, as he supposed, dozing, and, in his loving tenderness, awoke her with a warm embrace. It was not his wife, but an adopted sister. The circumstance had been observed by the domestics. The girl had fled in confusion, and great scandal was the result. The relationship of adoption is as firmly binding, and as sacred, as natural relationship. The household would not believe that the young man had been mistaken, and misery was the result—misery so great, that he fled from his home, as an ascetic, to escape from it, leaving a letter for his father, in which he protested his innocence. His sister, Lillabutti's elder sister, had also gone a few days after, and nothing had been heard of either since. It was supposed that the sister had gone to follow, and minister to the wants of, the brother, to whom she was devotedly attached.

The old man took a boy into his household, Nolit by name, whom he intended subsequently to adopt in the place of his lost son. Nolit became attached to Lillabutti, and fled from the house to avoid becoming her brother, a few days before the formal ceremony of adoption was to have been performed.

The old man's daughter-in-law

dissuaded him from adopting, or attempting to adopt, any other son, assuring him that his own son, her husband, would one day return. In fact she determined, if he insisted on adopting another son in the place of her lost husband, that she would commit suicide on the day when the formal ceremony of adoption took place.

Things are in this state, Lillabutti knowing that Nolit has fled the adoption on account of his love for her—and here one cannot help wondering how the author came to hit upon the name *Nolit* for one who *did not wish* to be adopted, albeit it is a common Bengali name enough—things, I say, are in this state, when an ascetic appears at the door of the old man's house begging. After some conversation, the ascetic is welcomed by the daughter-in-law as her long-lost husband. The old man doubtfully receives him, and there is great joy, and some distrust, in the household. Fatigue and languor keep the newly-found son and husband in his chamber for three days, and, at the end of that time, Nolit returns, bringing with him the real son, the real husband, whom he had discovered in Benares. The former arrival must, therefore, have been an impostor, and great is the dismay, great the grief in the old man's household.

Our friend, Nodar Chánd, anxious to secure Lillabutti for himself in the general breaking-up of the household, which must ensue on this discovery, appears with the police, into whose charge he wishes to give not only the ascetic impostor, but also Nolit, his rival, as an accomplice of the impostor. This last bit is palpably absurd, but the police are popularly supposed to be able, to take up any one, on any charge, and keep them in custody any length of time in Bengal.

And now comes the final triumph of virtue in the persons of Nolit and Lillabutti, and the discomfiture of vice in the person of the opium-loving Nodar Chánd. The ascetic impostor is brought forth by those terrible Bengal police, that make the villagers quake in their bare feet, and this ascetic turns out to be

the elder sister of Lillabutti, who had gone after her brother when he fled from home in consequence of the great scandal—though why she should not have come back in her own person, and why she should have represented herself to be her brother, will be naturally asked by the intelligent reader, and is also as naturally asked, and asked in vain, by the present chronicler.

And thus Nodar Chánd and his execrable police are utterly confounded, and go their way sorrowing; whilst Nolit, whose name ought now to be changed to Velit, gets happily married to Lillabutti, the sweetest and fairest maiden in all Bengal.

Is it not true that one gets a better insight—a clearer, deeper insight—into the domestic life of the Hindús by studying a play like this, than by poring over many pretentious volumes that are supposed to portray minutely the habits and customs of the people of India?

There is also another useful lesson to be derived from a perusal of this play. The men who have the energy to construct a national and vernacu-

lar literature in a language long neglected, and following as models the best exemplars of modern civilization—the men who have the courage to forsake the superstitious rites and observances of their countrymen, and to preach the unity of God, and the superlative excellence of the code of Christian morals—the men who have had the nerve to compete with the educated youths of western Europe in every walk of professional life, and the ability to compete successfully—and such men there are amongst young Bengal—are not to be kept in leading-strings any longer. If they can hold their own in the Council Chamber of the Government of India, and on the bench of the High Court in Calcutta, surely it is high time that Government should freely open up to them all the various careers of Anglo-Indian life that lead to distinction in their native land. Can we expect them to be otherwise than discontented, if we first urge them to be educated, and then close the door of promotion in their faces? Yet this is practically what is done in India!

W. KNIGHTON.

### YOU DID NOT COME.

THE sun was gliding down the western sky,  
The hours of day had almost reached their sum:  
Who kept the tryst that was appointed? I!  
You did not come!

I sat and watched the evening's closing ray;  
The sunset woods were desolate and dumb;  
I waited till the last faint streak of day.  
You did not come!

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two—  
A ring—my letters, foolish, doubtless, some—  
Mere trifles! Yet I thought not so; and you—  
You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood;  
I heard the death-moth round the nightshade hum;  
A chilly loneliness froze my fevered blood:—  
You did not come!



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the elder sister of Lillabutti, who had gone after her brother when he fled from home in consequence of the great scandal—though why she should not have come back in her own person, and why she should have represented herself as his brother, will be naturally asked by the intelligent reader, and is shown naturally asked, and asked in vain, by the present consideration.

And thus Sodar Chând and his one-armed pious are utterly consumed, and go their way sorrowing; whilst Nohit, whose name ought now to be changed to Vohit, gets happily married to Lillabutti, the sweetest and fairest maiden in all Bengal.

Is it not true that one gets a better insight—a clearer, deeper insight—into the domestic life of the Hindus by studying a play like this, than by poring over many pretentious volumes that are supposed to portray minutely the habits and customs of the people of India?

There is also another useful lesson to be derived from a perusal of this play. The men who have the charge of government, national and religious

literature are neglected, and for the best exemplification—the men who are eager to forsake their rites and observances, and their countrymen, and the unity of God, and the excellence of the Hindu morals—the men who have the nerve to compete with the youths of western nations in the walk of professional ability to compete with such men there are few in Bengal—are not holding strings any longer hold their own in the Chamber of the House of Lords, and on the Bench of the Court in Calcutta, and time that Government should open up to them the careers of English gentlemen to distinction in the land. Can we do otherwise than do this? first urge them to do so, then does the duty rest on their faces? Yet what is done to them?

## YOU DID NOT COME.

THE sun was gilding down the western sky,  
The hours of day had almost reached their end,  
Who kept the tryst that was appointed? I  
You did not come!

I sat and watched the evening's closing ray,  
The sunset woods were desolate and dim,  
I waited till the last faint streak of day,  
You did not come!

'Twas but to give me back a flower or two—  
A ring—my letters, foolish, doubtless, true—  
More trifles! Yet I thought not so; and yet  
You did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood,  
I heard the death-moth round the nightshade hum,  
A chilly loziness froze my fevered blood—  
You did not come!



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'Twas at the call of war that forth you went,  
With blaze of trumpet and with beat of drum;  
Your parting passed without a farewell sent—  
You did not come!

One word upon a scrap of paper writ—  
Of pitying comfort but a single crumb:  
It was not much, you might have spared me it!  
You did not come!

And so until the end of all arrives,  
I wander far apart—my heart is numb.  
Severed for aye the courses of our lives!  
You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before—  
The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum:  
The tryst you kept not can return no more—  
You cannot come!

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'BONES AND I,' OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

WE are all looking for it; shall we ever find it? Can it be cultivated in hothouses by Scotch head-gardeners with high wages and Doric accent? or shall we come upon it accidentally, peeping through green bulrushes, lurking in tangled woodlands, or perched high on the mountain's crest, far above the region of grouse and heather, where the ptarmigan folds her wings amongst the shilt and shingle in the clefts of the bare grey rock? We climb for it, we dive for it, we creep for it on our belly, like the serpent, eating dust to any amount in the process; but do we ever succeed in plucking such a specimen as, according to our natures, we can joyfully place in our hats for ostentation or hide under our waistcoats for true love?

Do you remember Sir Walter Scott's humorous poem called the 'Search after Happiness?' Do you

remember how that eastern monarch who strove to appropriate the shirt of a contented man visited every nation in turn till he came to Ireland, the native soil indeed of all the shamrock tribe; how his myrmidons incontinently assaulted one of the 'bhoys' whose mirthful demeanour raised their highest hopes, and how

'Shelagh, their plans was well-nigh after  
bawking,  
Much less provocation will set it a-walking;  
But the odds that foiled Hercules foiled Paddy-  
whack.  
They floored him, they seized him, they  
stripped him, alack!  
Up, bubboo! He hadn't a shirt to his back!"

Mankind has been hunting the four-leaved shamrock from the very earliest times on record. I believe half the legends of mythology, half the exploits of history, half the discoveries of science, originate in the universal search. Jason was look-

ing for it with his Argonauts when he stumbled on the Golden Fleece; Columbus sailed after it in the track of the setting sun, scanning that bare horizon of an endless ocean, day after day, with sinking heart, yet never-failing courage, till the land-weeds drifting round his prow, the land-birds perching on his spars, brought him their joyous welcome from the undiscovered shore; Alexander traversed Asia in his desire for it; Caesar dashed through the Rubicon in its pursuit; Napoleon well-nigh grasped it after Austerlitz, but the frosts and fires of Moscow shrivelled it into nothing ere his hand could close upon the prize. To find it sages have ransacked their libraries, adepts exhausted their alembics, misers hoarded up their gold. It is not twined with the poet's bay-leaves, nor is it concealed in the madman's hellebore. People have been for it to the Great Desert, the Blue Mountains, the Chinese capital, the interior of Africa, and returned empty-handed as they went. It abhors courts, camps, and cities; it strikes no root in palace nor in castle; and if more likely to turn up in a cottage-garden, who has yet discovered the humble plot of ground on which it grows?

Nevertheless, undeterred by warning, example, and the experience of repeated failures, human nature relaxes nothing of its persevering quest. I have seen a dog persist in chasing swallows as they skimmed along the lawn; but then the dog had once caught a wounded bird, and was therefore acting on an assured and tried experience of its own. If you or I had ever found one four-leaved shamrock, we should be justified in cherishing a vague hope that we might some day light upon another.

The Knights of the Round Table beheld with their own eyes that vision of the Holy Vessel, descending in their midst, which scattered those steel-clad heroes in all directions on the adventure of the Sangreal; but perhaps the very vows of chivalry they had registered, the very exploits they performed, originated with that restless longing they could not but acknowledge in

common with all mankind for possession of the four-leaved shamrock.

'And better he loved, that monarch bold,  
On venturesome quest to ride  
In mail and plate, by wood and wold,  
Than with ermine trapped and cloth of gold,  
In princely bower to bide.  
The bursting crash of a footman's spear,  
As it shivered against his mail,  
Was merrier music to his ear  
Than courtier's whispered tale.  
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,  
When on hostile casque it rung,  
Than all the lays to their monarch's praise  
The harpers of E-g-d sung.  
He loved better to bide by wood and river  
Than in bower of his dame Queen Guenevere;  
For he left that lady, so lovely of cheer,  
To follow adventures of danger and fear.  
And little the frank-hearted monarch did vet  
That she smiled in his absence on brave Lancelot.'

Oh! those lilting stanzas of Sir Walter's, how merrily they ring on one's ear, like the clash of steel, the jingling of bridles, or the measured cadence of a good steed's stride! We can fancy ourselves spurring through the *malée* after the 'selfless stainless' king, or galloping with him down the grassy glades of Lyonesse on one of his adventurous quests for danger, honour, renown—and—the four-leaved shamrock.

Obviously it did not grow in the tilt-yards at Caerleon or the palace gardens of Camelot; nay, he had failed to find it in the posy lovely Guenevere wore on her bosom. Alas! that even Launcelot, the flower of chivalry, the brave, the courteous, the gentle, the sorrowing and the sinful, must have sought for it there in vain.

Everybody begins life with a four-leaved shamrock in view, an ideal of his own, that he follows up with considerable wrong-headedness to the end. Such fiction has a great deal to answer for in the way of disappointment, dissatisfaction, and disgust. Many natures find themselves completely soured and deteriorated before middle age, and why? Because, forsooth, they have been through the garden with no better luck than their neighbours. I started in business, we will say, with good connections, sufficient capital, and an ardent desire to make a fortune. Must I be a saddened, morose, world-wearyed man because missing

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that unaccountable rise in mule-twist, and taking the subsequent fall in grey shirtings too late, I have only realised a competency, while Bullion, who didn't want it, made at least twenty thou.? Or I wooed Fortune as a soldier, fond of the profession, careless of climate, prodigal of my person, ramming my head wherever there was a chance of having it knocked off, 'sticking to it like a leech, sir; never missing a day's duty, by Jove! while other fellows were getting on the staff, shooting up the country, or going home on sick leave.' So I remain nothing but an overworked field-officer, grim and grey, with an enlarged liver, and more red in my nose than my cheeks, while Dawdle is a major-general commanding in a healthy district, followed about by two aides-de-camp, enjoying a lucrative appointment with a fair chance of military distinction. Shall I therefore devote to the lowest pit of Acheron the Horse Guards, the War Office, H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, and the service of Her Majesty the Queen? How many briefless barristers must you multiply to obtain a Lord Chancellor, or even a Chief Baron? How many curates go to a bishop? How many village practitioners to a fashionable doctor in a London-built brougham? Success in every line, while it waits, to a certain extent, on perseverance and capacity, partakes thus much in the nature of a lottery, that for one prize there must be an incalculable number of blanks.

I will not go so far as to say that you should abstain from the liberal professions of arts or arms, that you should refrain from taking your ticket in the lottery, or in any way put idly in mid-stream, glad to

*'Leave the sail, shift the oar, let her float down  
Floating and gliding by tower and town.'*

but I ask you to remember that the marshal's baton can only be in one manuscript's knapsack out of half a million; that wigs and mitres, and even every five minutes, fall only to one in ten thousand; that although everybody has an equal chance in the lottery, that chance may be described as but half a degree better

than the cipher which represents zero.

There is an aphorism in everybody's mouth about the man who goes to look for a straight stick in the wood. Hollies, elms, oaks, ashes, and alders he inspects, sapling after sapling, in vain. This one has a twist at the handle, that bends a little towards the point; some are too thick for pliancy, some too thin for strength. Several would do very well but for the abundant variety that affords a chance of finding something better. Presently he emerges at the farther fence, having traversed the covert from end to end, but his hands are still empty, and he shakes his head, thinking he may have been over-fastidious in his choice. A straight stick is no easier to find than would be a four-leaved shamrock.

The man who goes to buy a town house or rent a place in the country experiences the same difficulty. Upstairs and downstairs he travels, inspecting kitchen-ranges, sinks and sculleries, attics, bedrooms, boudoirs, and housemaids' closets, till his legs ache, his brain swims, and his temper entirely gives way. In London, if the situation is perfect, there is sure to be no servants' hall, or the accommodation below-stairs leaves nothing to be desired, but he cannot undertake to reside so far from his club. These difficulties overcome, he discovers the butler's pantry is so dark no servant of that fastidious order will consent to stay with him a week. In the country, if the place is pretty the neighbourhood may be objectionable: the rent is perhaps delightfully moderate, but he must keep up the grounds and pay the wages of four gardeners. Suitable in every other respect, he cannot get the shooting, or if no such drawbacks are to be alleged, there is surely a railway through the park, and no station within five miles. Plenty of shamrocks grow, you see, of the trefoil order, green, graceful, and perfectly symmetrical. It is that fourth leaf he looks for, which creates all his difficulties.

The same with the gentleman in search of a horse, the same with Cælebs in search of a wife. If the

former cannot be persuaded to put up with some little drawback of action, beauty, or temper, he will never know that most delightful of all partnerships, the sympathy existing between a good horseman and his steed. If the latter expects to find a perfection really exist, which he thinks he has discovered while dazzled by the glamour surrounding a man in love, he deserves to be disappointed, and he generally is. Rare, rare indeed, are the four-leaved shamrocks in either sex; thrice happy those whom Fate permits to win and wear them even for a day!

What is it we expect to find? In this matter of marriage more than in any other our anticipations are so exorbitant that we cannot be surprised if our 'come-down' is disheartening in proportion.

\* Where is the maiden of mortal strain

That may match with the Baron of Triermain?

She must be lovely, constant, and kind,

Holy and pure, and humble of mind,\* &c.

(How Sir Walter runs in my head to-night.) Yes, she must be all this, and possess a thousand other good qualities, many more than are enumerated by Iago, so as never to descend for a moment from the pedestal on which her baron has set her up. Is this indulgent? is it even reasonable? Can he expect any human creature to be always dancing on the tight-rope? Why is Lady Triermain not to have her whims, her temper, her fits of ill-humour, like her lord? She must not indeed follow his example and relieve her mind by swearing 'a good, round, mouth-filling oath,' therefore she has the more excuse for feeling at times a little captious, a little irritable, what she herself calls a little *cross*. Did he expect she was an angel? Well, he often called her one, nay, she looks like it even now in that pretty dress, says my lord, and she smiles through her tears, putting her white arms round his neck so fondly that he really believes he *has* found what he wanted till they fall out again next time.

Men are very hard in the way of exaction on those they love. All

'take' seems their motto, and as little 'give' as possible. If they would but remember the golden rule and expect no more than should be expected from themselves, it might be a better world for everybody. I have sometimes wondered in my own mind whether women do not rather enjoy being coerced and kept down. I have seen them so false to a kind heart, and so fond of a cruel one. Are they slaves by nature, do you conceive, or only hypocrites by education? I suppose no wise man puzzles his head much on that subject. They are all incomprehensible, and all alike!

'How unjust!' exclaims Bones, interrupting me with more vivacity than usual. 'How unsupported an assertion, how sweeping an accusation, how unfair, how unreasonable, and how like a *man*! Yes, that is the way with every one of you; disappointed in a single instance, you take refuge from your own want of judgment, your own mismanagement, your own headlong stupidity, in the condemnation of half the world! You open a dozen oysters, and turn away disgusted because you have not found a pearl. You fall an easy prey to the first woman who flatters you, and plume yourself on having gained a victory without fighting a battle. The fortress so easily won is probably but weakly garrisoned, and capitulates ere long to a fresh assailant. When this has happened two or three times, you veil your discomfiture under an affectation of philosophy and vow that women are all alike, quoting perhaps a consolatory scrap from Catullus—

"Quid levius plura? pulvis. Quid pulvis? ventus.

Quid vento? nullus. Quid nullus? nihil!"

But Roman proverbs and Roman philosophy are unworthy and delusive. There is a straight stick in the wood if you will be satisfied with it when found; there is a four-leaved shamrock amongst the herbage if you will only seek for it honestly on your knees. Should there be but one in a hundred women, nay, one in a thousand, whom an honest heart is not thrown

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away, it is worth while to try and find her. At worst, better be deceived over and over again than sink into that deepest slough of depravity in which those struggle who, because their own trust has been outraged, declare there is no faith to be kept with others; because their own day has been darkened, deny the existence of light.'

'You speak feelingly,' I observe, conscious that such unusual earnestness denotes a conviction he will get the worst of the debate. 'You have perhaps been more fortunate than the rest. Have you found her, then, this hundredth woman, this prize, this pearl, this black swan, glorious as the phoenix and rare as the dodo? Forgive my *argumentum ad hominem*, if I may use the expression, and forgive my urging that such good fortune only furnishes one of those exceptions which, illogical people assert, prove the rule.' There is a vibration of his teeth wanting only lips to become a sneer, while he replies—

'In my own case I was *not* so lucky, but I kept my heart up and went on with my search to the end.'

'Exactly,' I retort in triumph; 'you, too, spent a lifetime looking for the four-leaved shamrock, and never found it after all. But I think women are far more unreasonable than ourselves in this desire for the unattainable, this disappointment when illusion fades into reality. Not only in their husbands do they expect perfection, and that too in defiance of daily experience, of obvious incompetency, but in their servants, their tradespeople, their carriages, their horses, their rooms, their houses, the dinners they eat, and the dresses they wear. With them an avowal of incapacity to reconcile impossibilities stands for wilful obstinacy, or sheer stupidity at best. They believe themselves the victims of peculiar ill-fortune if their coachman gets drunk, or their horses go lame; if milliners are careless or ribbons unbecoming; if chimneys smoke, parties fall through, or it rains when they want to put on a new bonnet. They never seem to understand that every "if" has its

"but," every *pro its con*. My old friend Mr. Bishop, of Bond Street, the Democritus of his day (and may he live as long!), observed to me many years ago, when young people went mad about the polka, that the new measure was a type of everything else in life, "What you gain in dancing you lose in turning round." Is it not so with all our efforts, all our undertakings, all our noblest endeavours after triumph and success? In dynamics we must be content to resign the *maximum* of one property that we may preserve the indispensable *minimum* of another, must allow for friction in velocity, must calculate the windage of a shot. In ethics we must accept fanaticism with sincerity, exaggeration with enthusiasm, over-caution with unusual foresight, and a giddy brain with a warm, impulsive heart. What we take here we must give yonder, what we gain in dancing we must lose in turning round!

'But no woman can be brought to see this obvious necessity. For the feminine mind nothing is impracticable. Not a young lady eating bread and butter in the school-room but cherishes her own vision of the prince already riding through enchanted forests in her pursuit. The prince may turn out to be a curate, a cornet, or a count, a duke, or a dairy-farmer, a baronet or a blacking-maker, that has nothing to do with it. Relying on her limitless heritage of the possible, she feels she has a prescriptive right to the title, the ten thousand a year, the matrimonial prize, the four-leaved shamrock. Whatever else turns up she considers herself an ill-used woman for life, unless all the qualities desirable in man are found united in the person and fortunes of her husband; nay, he must even possess virtues that can scarce possibly coexist. He must be handsome and impenetrable, generous and economical, gay and domestic, manly but never from her side, wise yet deferring to her opinion in all things, quick-sighted though blind to any drawbacks or shortcomings in herself. Above all, must he be superlatively content with his lot, and unable to discover that by any

means in his matrimonial venture, "what he gained in dancing he has lost in turning round!"

'I declare to you I think if Ursidius\* insists on marrying at all, that he had better select a widow; at least he runs at even weights against his predecessor, who, being a man, must needs have suffered from human weakness and human infirmities. The chances are that the dear departed went to sleep after dinner, hated an open carriage, made night hideous with his snores under the connubial counterpane, and all the rest of it. A successor can be no worse, may possibly appear better; but if he weds a maiden, he has to contend with the female ideal of what a man *should* be! and from such a contest what can accrue but unmitigated discomfiture and disgrace?

'Moreover, should he prove pre-eminent in those manly qualities women most appreciate, he will find that even in those they prefer to accept the shadow for the substance, consistently mistaking assertion for argument, volubility for eloquence, obstinacy for resolution, bluster for courage, fuss for energy, and haste for speed.

'On one of our greatest generals, remarkable for his gentle, winning manner in the drawing-room as for his cool daring in the field, before he had earned his well-merited honours, I myself heard this verdict pronounced by a jury of maids and matrons, "Dear! he's such a quiet creature, I'm sure he wouldn't be much use in a battle!" No; give them Parolles going to recover his drum, and they have a champion

\* \* Cogitat Ursidius, sibi dote jugare puellam,  
Ut placeat domino, cogitat Ursidius.'

and a hero exactly to their minds, but they would scarcely believe in Richard of the Lion-Heart if he held his peace and only set his teeth hard when he laid lance in rest.

'Therefore it is they tug so unmercifully at the slender thread that holds a captive, imagining it is by sheer strength the quiet creature must be coerced. Some day the pull is harder than usual, the thread breaks, and the wild bird soars away, free as the wind down which it sails, heedless of lure and whistle, never to return to bondage any more. Then who so aghast as the pretty, thoughtless fowler, longing and remorseful, with the broken string in her hand?

'She fancied, no doubt, her prisoner was an abnormal creature, rejoicing in ill-usage; that because it was docile and generous it must therefore be poor in spirit, slavish in obedience, and possessing no will of its own. She thought she had found a four-leaved shamrock, and this is the result!

'But I may talk for ever and end where I began. Men you may convince by force of argument, if your logic is very clear and your examples or illustrations brought fairly under their noses; but with the other sex, born to be admired and not instructed, you might as well pour water into a sieve. Can you remember a single instance in which with these, while a word of entreaty gained your point forthwith, you might not have exhausted a folio of argument in vain?

He thinks for a minute and then answers deliberately, as if he had made up his mind—

'I never knew but one woman who could understand reason, and she wouldn't listen to it!



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SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.\*

SO far away! So far away!  
 Thy stars are not the stars I see;  
 With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,  
 And day and night are one to me.  
 So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs  
 Whose wings around the world go free;  
 I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—  
 Touched they the land that blooms for thee  
 So far—so far away?

The forms that near me breathe and move  
 Like visions rise, like visions flee;  
 I cannot live to other love,  
 My soul has crossed the deep to thee  
 So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,  
 The heavens have lost their light for me,  
 The voice of joy breathes not a sound,  
 And hope swoons dead on yonder sea  
 So far—so far away!

\* See 'London Society' for March, page 276.

BILLIARDS AND BILLIARD PLAYERS.

By THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH,' ETC.

THE origin of billiards has by some writers been attributed to the Chinese, but more general opinion ascribes its invention to Henriques De Vigne, a French artist, who, in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1571, designed tables and drew up the earliest code of rules. It was then played with small ivory balls, a 'pass' or 'iron' being fixed on the cloth, through which at set periods they were driven. Amongst German, Italian, and Dutch games the new amusement soon occupied a prominent place, but many years elapsed ere it obtained patronage in England. Very few improvements in the method of playing were carried out

until the last century, when six holes, or, as they were termed, 'hazards,' cut in the bed, superseded the 'pass,' and, greater skill being necessary to effect a score, billiards speedily became the rage, and was, as we discover from an old pamphlet, 'much affected by persons of condition, notwithstanding its prostitution by the designing and vulgar.\*' On the Continent a thick stick or 'cue,' half an inch in diameter, and held between the forefinger and thumb, was employed for striking the balls; but the 'mace,' although derided by foreigners, continued the acknow-

\* See 'How to Play Billiards with Ease and Propriety.' By An Amateur.

lodged instrument in this country, and not a few of our best players showed great expertness in wielding it. The system called 'trailing,' similar to that now celebrated in America under the name of the 'push shot,' next called for notice, and strokes defined by the titles of the 'sweep,' the 'shove,' the 'trail,' the 'dead trail' or 'turn up,' and the 'long stroke,' each and all secured advantages to whoever gave their practice proper attention. About the year 1760 cues with perfectly flat points, sometimes of ivory, were introduced, but, as may be conceived, very little more adroitness resulted. Five-and-twenty years later a second cue, cut obliquely at the small end, or rounded slightly on one side, was proposed, in order to enable players to hit the ball below the centre. It could only, however, be applied for making 'cramp' strokes, and obtained the name, why we are not aware, of the 'Jeffrey.' Another alteration was adopted towards the close of the century, the point of the cue being bevelled all round, thus presenting a still broader surface. Leathern 'wads' did not follow until about 1806, when the virtues of chalk were also found out. Lastly came the French 'tip' of the present day, than which no invention connected with the *mécanique* of the game has rendered more signal service. A couple of balls only were necessary eighty years ago, there being but two styles of play. By one the sole object of each competitor was to pocket his opponent and keep his own ball on the table, as, if it accidentally ran in, the score marked against the striker (hence the term 'losing hazard'), but by the other both might be holed, and a total of four thus made. The former was designated the 'white winning' and the latter the 'white losing game,' each 12 up. After the introduction of the red ball, about 1795, the mode of government underwent many reforms; the score was lengthened to 16, then to 24 up; while, though restricted to alternate strokes at the outset, increased facilities were also given for rapid counting. The *carambole*, or cannon, became known

for the first time; and two new games, at one of which seven, and at the other ten points might be made by a single shot, speedily outrivalled the old-fashioned plan. A curious clause in the rules specified that 'whosoever shall wilfully shake the table forfeits the game,'\* leaving it to be inferred that tables then did not boast too much solidity.

Although prior to the beginning of this century some trifling progress had been made, it shortly transpired that the most fascinating of games was still in its early infancy. About the year 1810 there lived at the city of Bath a marker named Carr, to whom is assigned the credit of discoveries which infused new life into billiards, and developed fresh wonders on every hand. Year after year the balls had been kept rolling, and still the fact remained unnoticed that the division of both in attempting many losing hazards was infinitely safer and more certain than simply dividing the object as hitherto. Repeated experiments further proved to Carr that the adoption of what afterwards came to be styled the 'side stroke' would enable him to increase or decrease at pleasure the width or length of angles. The detection of the 'top twist' followed, and visitors in shoals flocked to Carr's rooms for the purpose of witnessing the curious effects of the novel and singular motion imparted to the balls. Devotees of the game literally besieged him, but it is related that he steadily refused to disclose the secret except for the consideration of large sums. The mediocre class of players he wilfully misled, and maintained the delusion by using a cue the point of which was ever and again freshened with what he termed 'magic chalk.' Pieces of this substance were fitted into small boxes and disposed of by Carr to hundreds of eager amateurs, who soon learned to their disgust that they remained as ignorant of the real discovery as before. Time passed, however, and by degrees the mystery coiled out, Carr, through his intemperate habits, sinking from short-lived affluence to the level of his former position.

\* 'Rules of Billiards,' 1801.



Connoisseurs found leisure to practise 'side,' and sharpers and cheats migrated *en masse* to the large towns in the provinces, where country gentlemen and men of property, who in their own opinion played with some address, were fleeced so unmercifully that they in turn began to be impressed by and to seek after the as yet unrecognised phenomena. The game was now raised to 24 up, and the 'jenny,' for many years a favourite hazard, became more fashionable amongst gamblers, as the assistance of twist rendered it not only safer but easier than ever. Some professional players proved extraordinary adepts at scoring it, and the wily baited traps in the most subtle manner for their victims. The custom in those days, by persons versed in all the adjuncts of sharp practice, was to visit the most frequented watering-places and spas, where, during the season, they and their accomplices reaped golden harvests, and continued ever on the look-out for fresh prey. Schemes were hourly concocted, and on suitable occasions considerable sums appeared to depend on games in which the unwary dupe was generally made the favourite at long odds on him, and complimented in such an unblushingly outrageous manner that, inspired by new confidence, he eventually commenced speculating. The chief object of his opponent was now to win accidentally or after an extremely close game. By these means alone the confederacy were often rewarded with a fair stake; but, notwithstanding all their shrewdness, they seldom could bring themselves to resign their greed. The pigeon must be plucked, and the jenny, above all other strokes, seemed specially adapted to the purpose, from the facilities it afforded of scoring a game right off the reel. If the red ball could be manœuvred into position just below the middle pocket at the opening of play, it was usual to commence laying a series of 'flash bets' against the sharper—who all this time had veiled his real strength—winning without once ceasing to score. Up to this point the victim had probably been mulet

to the tune of two or three hundred pounds, whilst his apparent supporters must have lost quite double that sum. They, however, unhesitatingly accommodated takers with long odds against the player scoring 'game off the balls'—having a care of course with whom their wagers were made—and it was seldom indeed that the victim, stung by his losses, required much inducement to enter the snare thus artfully set, and offer corresponding odds to a still larger amount. If he proposed laying 150*l.* to 25*l.*, some wide-awake speculator immediately 'shot him,' and was ready to double the bet on the merest suggestion. Then followed a really scientific display, the fruits of years of misspent time. First the piece of fine French chalk, which causes the tip to bite so keenly, appeared from the player's vest-pocket; then the white ball was spotted most carefully, and finally driven on its way with an exact regard to strength, the 'twist' very likely never having been previously applied during the whole of the earlier part of the scene. More betting followed the shot, and as each succeeding hazard was scored with an accuracy of aim hitherto undeveloped, the flimsy artifice became apparent to every beholder save the dupe himself, who, though wroth at the deceit practised by his adversary, never for a moment suspected the connivance of such 'well-to-do'-looking fellows as his backers at so barefaced a swindle.

Until the year 1827 wood alone had been used in the making of tables; and English players were not a little surprised towards the close of that year to find it supplanted by slate, of which the beds have since been constructed. Greater accuracy, smoother running, and more weight, were consequent on this improvement, the only drawback now being slowness. Ten years later India-rubber displaced list for cushions, and although at the outset it met with steady opposition, in consequence of the deleterious effects of frost, the difficulty was soon remedied by the use of a very simple and inexpensive hot-water apparatus, and also by the adoption of

vulcanized rubber, which retains its elasticity in any climate.

The table of to-day is a handsome piece of workmanship in mahogany, walnut, or oak, and presents a remarkably solid appearance. The slate bed measures 12 ft. in length by 6 ft. 1½ inches wide, and varies in thickness between an inch and an inch and a half. It is usually composed of five pieces, sometimes of four, and occasionally of three; but the unwieldiness and weight of the latter renders it politic rather to avoid than seek after them. Very fine tests are applied in levelling the slabs, and by careless management alone they get out of order after being once properly adjusted. The cushions are stuffed with thin strips of rubber, which adhere to each other by means of strong solution. A covering of canvas binds them still further, above it a piece of flannel, and over these materials is stretched the green cloth. Perhaps the chief difficulty in connection with billiards is the balls. Take a new set, place them on the table in a small, close room, with the gas at its usual height, and, after having been played with for ten or twelve hours, it is not improbable several cracks will have appeared. In order therefore to season them properly, they are turned down or 'roughed' to a certain size, and left in a moderately warm place for six or eight months, when it is supposed they have become thoroughly dry and ready for use. Ash also requires keeping a long time before it is fit to cut up into cues. 'Loaded butts' are in vogue amongst professionals generally, and suitable pieces of wood are eagerly picked up by makers. The 'Roberts cue,' oak top and mahogany handle, from the champion's design, is very fashionable, and being well balanced is a most desirable instrument.\* The prices of tables have always been greatly exaggerated; they really commence at about 58*l.*, and for that amount are made in very fair style. If solid mahogany be required, 70*l.* is generally asked, and for a really costly frame as high as

\* Makers, Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, Soho Square.

300*l.* has been paid; but of course luxuries of this description are not desired every day.

Though our standard game is 50 up, the score may be lengthened according to agreement; as a rule, in great professional matches, the maximum is confined to 1,000. The 'spots,' or as they were formerly called, 'stringing nails,' are six in number. Two mark the extremities of the D: the American spot lies just above, another is situate in the centre of the table, the Pyramid spot higher up still, and the Billiard spot between the top pockets, at a distance of about 13 inches from the cushion. Three balls—white, spot white, and red—are played with; and scoring is based on the following strokes: the white losing hazard counts 2; the white winning hazard 2; the red losing hazard 3; the red winning hazard 3; the cannon 2; the miss 1, and the cue 3. As high as ten may be made at a single shot, but eight is rarely exceeded. In 'stringing' for the lead the white balls are placed within the D, and the players proceed to strike with force sufficient to carry them to the top and back, the choice and order of play being at the disposal of the owner of the ball that stops nearest the bottom cushion. Usually a miss in baulk is given; to effect which the striker plays over the line and uses a little side, so that, after being forced out of baulk, the ball returns into or near the D. His opponent follows suit with another miss, just below or above the middle pocket, as may appear expedient, and the game having now fairly begun, whoever wishes to cease loses, or the player scoring 50 first wins. When the non-striker's ball is pocketed, it becomes 'in hand,' and his opponent, after putting together all he can, places the red and white in safe positions, or behind the baulk line, across which the other competitor must play. The rules are both elaborate and well known, and we have merely entered so far on the method of opening the game for the enlightenment of the uninitiated. Having learned to hit a ball truly, the tyro should next be taught to make a

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winning hazard, in the accomplishment of which he will find that the object requires meeting at a point exactly opposite the centre of the pocket it is intended to enter. Winning hazards have various titles, as the 'cut,' the 'stab,' and the 'spot hazard,' but the rule laid down applies to the whole of them. The losing hazard, a less difficult though much more valuable stroke, is scored by 'half,' 'fine,' or 'following' balls, and also by means of 'screw,' 'side,' and 'twist.' The half ball is used when a natural angle presents itself; the fine ball when the object requires nice division; and the following ball when it is desirable to run in after or through the object. To screw is to cause the striker's ball to recoil; twist is applied in scoring at right angles; and side when an angle should be rendered more or less acute. Other losing hazards are the 'jenny,' played from baulk into the middle pocket off a ball just below; the 'quill' stroke, off a ball overhanging the D line; the 'doublet,' off a ball on to a cushion, and thence to the pocket; and the hazard by *bricole*, off the cushion first, then the ball, and eventually to the pocket. For cannons, either ball may be struck first, or they may be scored round any or the whole of the cushions, or by *bricole*, or without the assistance of a cushion at all. Forcing the striker's ball off the table or into a pocket, without having struck either of the others, is designated a *coo*, and a miss is the result of accidentally or designedly failing to touch a ball.

Proceeding the introduction of the *side* stroke, winning hazards were regarded as the backbone of the English game, and no player ranked highly unless possessed of considerable power in their execution. This theory, however, has long since exploded, and the losing hazard is now deemed the most formidable stroke, as it also is the easiest. Position at billiards claims attention before everything else; and the advantages to be derived from a series of consecutive shots out of the D must be patent to every person who knows anything of the game. No

greater error can be committed than in preferring cannons to losing hazards, for it seldom happens that the balls roll well together during a large number of strokes. At certain times winning hazards are of great service; but even qualified players seldom care to attempt difficult ones without trying to score a cannon also. A most valuable shot is the following losing hazard off a ball which touches the cushion. Ordinary side must be put on, and, if the direction be good, the player generally has the satisfaction of seeing his ball enter the pocket, after some extraordinary manoeuvres. The allusions previously made to the jenny must not be understood to apply now. On an old-fashioned list table, George Roberts, the Champion's brother, once scored twenty-two successively; but even a first-class player would find it difficult to effect more than a couple or three on an elastic cushion. Middle and top pockets always yield a large revenue to proficient; and during the grand matches annually played at St. James's Hall it often happens that, after losing his opponent's ball, the player does not cease scoring until forty or fifty points are credited to him off the red ball alone. Counter, or opposing side, is of considerable assistance in losing-hazard striking, and ought to be practised frequently, as also should twist and screw. The cue must be held lightly almost always, except where the player lies close under a cushion, when a firm short grasp is desirable. In playing cannons, it is injudicious to screw from your opponent's ball; and the least skilful person knows that hard hitting round many cushions seldom produces much good. Position is best secured by endeavouring to leave either a losing hazard off the white, or by doubling the red over a pocket. An almost certain score will thus be insured; while, on the other hand, attempts to drive all the balls into fixed places very frequently end in disastrous failures. Nothing, however, save experience can teach learners what course to pursue under prescribed circumstances.

All finished players advocate 'gentle strength,' but few illustrate the beauties of the game like the Champion, his eldest son, and William Cook, who are all such adepts at *finesse* that an hour's experience of the peculiarities of a table enables them to perform feats requiring the nicest judgment. Next to Roberts, we have seen no one undertake strokes with more proper regard to the future situation of the balls than Cook, who, since his defeat by Dufton last year, has failed to find a suitable opponent. His chief favourite is the spot hazard, at which, like the younger Roberts, he can do wonders, though neither of them have yet made surprising scores in matches for money. The other high-class players are, Joseph Bennett, chiefly strong at losing hazards, backed up by strategy; and Charles Hughes, one of the prettiest cannon strikers in the kingdom, who excels in the application of the side stroke. Alfred Bowles, though retired from matches and public competitions, would, we doubt not, again take his position as the second best player, if he chose to make the attempt. Dufton's reputation depends mainly on long losing hazards up the sides of the table, and the safety of his tactics; Snowden, who seldom exhibits except at the Victoria Club, shows great steadiness; George Davis's circle of admirers is very extensive; Hitchin, at present in Australia, has a pretty and at the same time effective style; Harry Evans is acknowledged one of the soundest players in town; and George Mulberry, Alfred Hughes, and Tom Morris are of nearly equal repute. In the country the chief celebrities are, John Herst, late of Manchester, another fine spot-hazard maker; William E. Green, and John Smith, of Manchester, the latter of whom ranked ten years ago amongst the best losing-hazard strikers; Lewis Kilkenny, of Scarborough, a player of great certainty; J. Harrington, of Newcastle, a lad in years, but a veteran in power of cue; and, last, though by no means least known, William Moss, of Manchester, a cueist whose nerve no reverse of fortune can shake. Most

of our celebrities are included above, but there are many others who deserve mention, as, E. Green, W. Crawley (not the 'Captain'), Gus Baillie, F. Symes, D. Digges, and G. Ade, of London; J. Bowell, Julius Johnson, and J. Barber, of Manchester; E. Sweeney, late of York; Howarth, of Wakefield, and a host more.

With the Champion we have yet to deal. Doubtless it will surprise many readers of 'London Society' to learn that John Roberts, the greatest adept that ever handled a cue, is portly, grey whiskered, and about forty-four years of age. On his countenance are depicted good-humour and intelligence; he looks out of fine dark eyes, keen and roving, and is very apt to 'reckon up' a new acquaintance at a glance. Cricketers, scullers, boxers, or pedestrians may be selected from a group, but Roberts would never strike any one as the *beau idéal* of a billiard-player. He was brought up a marker at Manchester, and afterwards in Glasgow, and had therefore every chance of giving close attention to the game, of which he proved so fond that playing with his customers failed to satiate him, and he practised alone for hundreds of hours. It was not, however, until the early part of 1846 that he had the 'good fortune' to see a gentleman named Leo Birch perform the spot hazard. Roberts thought it over, and crossed the new ground thus opened from every point, picking up wrinkles as he went. Six months' hard work found the stroke tamed down, in fact, under perfect subjection; and from that time to the present he has been able to make it with more ease and certainty, and a greater number of times, than any other player. The well-known Edwin Kentfield (Jonathan) had long been looked upon as the Champion, but he never ventured to meet Roberts in a match, so that their respective merits were never fairly decided. Little doubt exists, however, but Kentfield would have lost *caste* had they come together. In the year 1855 Roberts played Starke, the much over-rated American, giving him 1,500 in 3,000, and they contested a game of in

hours' duration. The start proved too long, and Starke won by 200 points. During the evening Roberts made several wagers about scoring 150 'off the balls,' and accomplished the task by the aid of 44 spot hazards, the break numbering 158. Six years after, he allowed Charles Hughes 300 in 1000, and won by 442 points, after a game occupying 2 hrs. 5 min. Later in the same season Bowles made a tour with him, and they visited Oxford amongst other towns. Roberts gave 300 in 1,000, and made breaks of 180 and 100 on the second evening, and getting the balls 'jawed,' ran together 246 on the third evening, including 101 successive cannons. The greatest feat ever achieved, however, was at Saville House in 1862, Dufton being his opponent. During a run Roberts got behind the spot, and did not cease scoring until 104 consecutive hazards had been credited to him, the full break numbering 346, the longest on record. The game was also the quickest known, and only occupied 1 hr. 45 min. Towards the close of 1864 he visited Australia, and when allowing 600 in 1,000 to one of the best players in Melbourne made 186 at a run—two points more than his opponent got during the entire match. His most recent exploit was at the close of last season, when he put together a fine break of 149, very few spot hazards being included. Before taking our leave of him, we cannot but remark the fact that at all other manly exercises there are many competitors of nearly equal skill. Billiards stands alone in opposition: there is but one Champion, and his name is Roberts.

Gentlemen amateurs we have no alternative but to dismiss with a few words. The best known are Major Davenport, Capt. Campbell, W. E. Stokes, and W. W. Rodger, both Oxford men, R. D. Walker, the celebrated Middlesex cricketer, and A. Bignold, of the Amateur Athletic Club. The late Squire Osbaldeston was a sound player, especially in time games; and when, five and twenty years ago, Roberts and he encountered each other they proved a capital match, the Champion allowing 50,

and sometimes 60, in 100. The Inter-University 'tourneys' are always interesting; as, even if the competitors do not keep very close together, their partisans throw so much 'feeling' into the proceedings that every casual spectator is bound to be entertained. Amateurs, taken generally, are very careless, and it is only on occasions that a steady reliable player is to be met with.

Amongst French *artistes*, M. Chas. Berger has held the first rank during many years. His power of cue is astonishing, and the large scores he is constantly making by cannons alone are almost incredible, except to those who have witnessed the curious strokes he performs from cramped and awkward positions. For some time past he has resided at Lyons, and continues, it is stated, as skilful as when we had the pleasure of seeing him illustrate the science of French billiards at Saville House. The latest importation to Paris is a foreigner known as the 'Professor.' From all accounts he, too, is a wonder; but English tourists are backward in admitting that he equals their old friend M. Berger. The latest intelligence from America brings, amongst other gossip, accounts of three immense breaks, all duly authenticated, and each more surprising in point of length than the others. First, we read in 'Wilkes's Spirit of the Times' that the late champion, Joseph Dion, put together in practice, 1,228; then followed news of his successful opponent, McDevitt, scoring 1,327, 'without jaw or kiss in 1 h. 20 min.'; and, lastly, the same player, in a match for 250 dollars against one Goldthwait, made 1,483, winning the game by 1,387 points. Such runs are truly marvellous, and we can hardly wonder that Roberts refused, during his late visit, to play our Transatlantic cousins at their own game. Readers must not be misled about the *impedimenta*; in the United States they play with four balls, larger than ours, on smaller tables, and employ cues with tips nearly as broad as a sixpence. Their 'push shot' is even more effective than our spot hazard, and they play it on every available opportunity,



sometimes when the balls are nearly three feet apart.

The other prominent games on the billiard-table are pool and pyramids. The former may be played by two persons only, or any larger number up to fifteen may take part, but a five or six pool is most liked. Each member has three 'lives' or chances to gain the stakes, and his object is to pocket the ball on which he plays, and if possible every other on the table, placing his own in safety after failing to score. If, however, he misses, runs in, or is pocketed, the marker takes a life from his score, and his 'player' receives a certain fixed sum. The stakes vary greatly, and range between sixpenny balls and eighteenpenny pool, and five shilling balls and one sovereign pool. Whoever retains his 'lives,' or any of them, to the conclusion wins, but if another player be left in with an equal number they may divide. Pool is essentially a money game, and requires great proficiency in winning-hazard striking, together with a thorough knowledge of the strength and angles of the table. Many persons 'take a ball' who are unable to play billiards, and, on the other hand, hundreds of fine losing-hazard and cannon makers are completely at sea in a strong pool. Amongst 'cracks,' the names of Baillie, Wilson, Edwards, Stammers, Winterflood, Batchelor, Clarke, and Carme, commence a long list, all able to clear the table if occasion offers. Some *chevaliers d'industrie* travel about the country, and may be found rusticated at Brighton, Bath, Ramsgate, Scarborough, and other watering-places. The most skilful of the *corps* are the 'Dutchman,' 'Captain du Burgh,' the 'Count,' and 'Cornelius' (the poet), each of whom has a history of his own and bears a certain reputation. Pyramids allows of even more speculation than pool. It is usually played by two persons with fifteen reds and one white ball, which both use. The scorer follows his stroke, and whoever pockets the largest number of reds wins; so that, as money depends on every ball, and also on the game, a considerable sum may

change hands on twelve hours' play. A certain noble lord, reputed clever, met his match in a well-known actor, not many years ago, at a seaside town in the north country. They battled for an entire night, and, as morning broke, after the debit and credit account had been calculated, it was found that a balance of 3,500*l.* stood in favour of the latter, who took bills to the amount, and got them discounted in the same room next day, receiving a little over half their value at maturity. 'Cornelius the younger,' son of the player mentioned above, visited a celebrated spa a few seasons since, and, dressed very loudly, entered a billiard-room apparently likely to repay the exercise of his talents. Affecting the fashionable dandy, he addressed the marker, pointing to the table, said, 'What is this?' A reply of course followed, and, after leisurely adjusting his eyeglass and taking a survey, he delighted the company with the assurance that it was a 'very pretty piece of furnichaw.' There were numerous 'sharks' in the vicinity, who expressed the delight they would feel in initiating him into the mysteries of the game; but after winning a 'fifty to once chance,' as he asseverated, by the 'meanest accident,' instructors fought shy, and 'Cornelius the younger' had naught for it but to seek 'fresh woods and pastures new.'

A few remarks bearing on the game generally may be read not altogether without profit. The would-be skilful must give much time to practice; and if a great degree of steadiness be necessary, it is essentially requisite that no shade of nervousness shall ever cross the mind of the player. He must be endowed with fortitude to meet every description of adversity, and, above all, the provokingly good fortune that may possibly be showered lavishly on opponents of scarcely half his calibre, while he must, at the same time, be ever prepared with ready judgment to take advantage of any stroke of luck the chances of the game may place at his disposal. To the proficient, then, a keen, clear eye, a hand that does not



its cunning in any strait, and an aim that never falters, are the gifts to be desired. Beginners often go to work without instruction, and, not having been taught the true game, years may elapse before they become acquainted with it, not unusually at some cost. Old players of standing frequently make great scores without ever potting the red ball. In age they become short-sighted, and it would under this circumstance be folly to try aught else save cannons and losing hazards. Their knowledge, however, of the side stroke and of the angles remains unimpaired, and they are therefore able to score almost anywhere. Dashing players are generally unreliable, owing to continued and, for the most part, ineffectual attempts at strokes from positions where safety alone should be thought of. Several errors are common to novices. They imagine that side can be communicated from their own to another ball; also that it does not act until after leaving a cushion. Both mistakes are of frequent occurrence, but the theories are no less incorrect for all that. 'Potting' an opponent's ball is another stumbling-block. The rules specify the stroke and allow two for it, but many amateurs consider white winning hazards ungentlemanly play, and refrain from attempting them unless a couple will score game. Both competitors are striving with similar instruments to attain the same end, and why a legitimate stroke should be omitted we cannot understand. If the hazard be made foolishly the owner of the ball gains an advantage, but if it is correct play, why grumble? For obvious reasons, already sufficiently explained, it is unwise to encounter strangers, as the strength of a man's game is seldom betokened by his appearance.

Those of our readers who would begin well, by attaining the first principles of the game, will find them amply described and carefully illustrated in 'Practical Billiards,' a new and elaborate work by the well-known player, W. Dufton.

\* 'Practical Billiards,' by W. Dufton; London, Routledge & Co., the Broadway.

Handicaps have been in vogue several years, but the principle is not altogether understood, and we shall therefore enter upon a brief explanation. A handicap may consist of as many members as it is convenient to enter, and some person, acquainted with the prowess of each, must be appointed to award the numbers from which they respectively start: he who begins at 0 being called the 'scratch' man, whilst the largest number of points allotted is termed the 'limit.' The competitors are then drawn in heats of two each, and the winners continue to be re-drawn until finally only a couple are left to play off, the successful one of the pair taking the chief prize. There was an interesting handicap played at the Philharmonic Hall, Islington, a year and a half ago, which F. Symes, well known in horse-racing circles, won; and during 1867 there were two at St. James's Hall, both carried off by Jno. Roberts, jun. Towards the close of every season, handicaps on an extensive scale are also played at the Victoria and Albert Clubs, and speculation to the tune of thousands of pounds occurs nightly; but as members alone are admitted to participate in the proceedings, we refrain from trespassing further on forbidden ground.

An alteration in the shape of cushions has recently been suggested, and, we believe, carried into execution, in odd cases. It is proposed to make them full to the pockets instead of, as now, cutaway, so that a ball may be driven within an eighth of an inch of the mouth and come off at the proper angle, instead of doubling back and deceiving the striker. The plan has its advantages, no doubt; but winning hazards would entail immense precision at all times, while from some points they could not possibly be made. Skilful players might benefit, but, to the majority of amateurs, we are of opinion a table so constructed would be well-nigh useless.

To the ladies a word is due. Nothing can be more admirably adapted for all that appertains to flirtation than billiards; and the

game should therefore not be omitted from the already extensive catalogue of modern accomplishments. Amongst the fair sex there have been many really sound players, of whom none attained greater celebrity than Madame de Stael and

the late Duchess de Berri. As a medium for exercise, especially to invalids, nothing can be more beneficial than regular practice; and no house of pretension should be without a billiard table.

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### THE ARTIST IN THE LONDON STREETS.



PROFILES.—No. I.

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MARAVILLA COCOA

BUCKS FOR INFANTS



Designed by John Gilbert.

THE BOX WITH THE IRON CLAMPS.

[See the Story]

## LONDON SOCIETY.

MAY, 1868.



THE PREMIER NOVELIST